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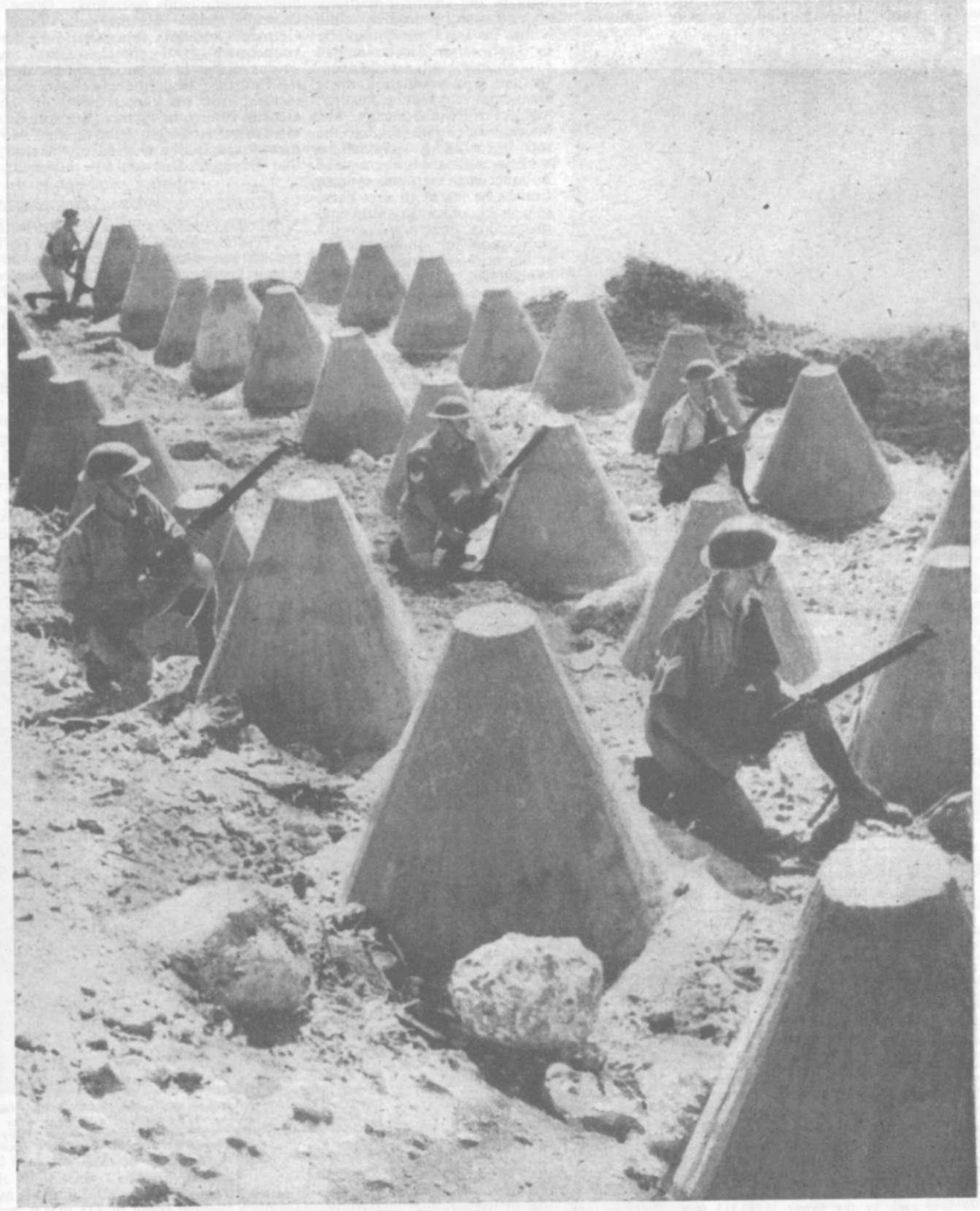
Edited by Sir John Hammerton

FOURPENCE WEEKLY



BRITISH TROOPS IN SYRIA guarding a frontier position from behind a concrete tank trap. With the fall of Sidon, Damascus, and Palmyra, and the attack on Beirut, Vichy resistance in Syria is ending. But for a scrupulous desire to avoid loss of civilian life and the destruction of property the British and Free French commanders might have concluded the campaign long ere now. On July 1 the Vichy forces were said to be on the point of collapse, with the native population increasingly hostile towards Vichy France. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Our Searchlight on the War

His Son's Medals

"You must be very proud of him," said King George to Mr. John McKellar whom his Majesty received at Buckingham Palace in order to hand him the D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar awarded to his only son, Squadron Leader A. A. McKellar, recently killed in action. His exploits in air fighting included the following: He destroyed the first German raider that was shot down in an attack on this island; this was in the Firth of Forth raid of October 16, 1939. To him also fell the first raider to crash on British soil. He attacked a close formation of Heinkels head-on, and shattered three of them with one long burst of bullets. He shot down a German raider each day for eight days running during the Battle of London. He destroyed four Messerschmitt 109s in ten minutes. Small wonder that German pilots send each other agitated warnings: "Achtung! Schpitfeuer!"

JOHN McKELLAR gazes pensively at the medals awarded to his son, a Squadron Leader, who was killed after performing many fine exploits, some of which are related in this page.
Photo, Topical Press

P. G. Wodehouse in Germany

BROADCASTING from Berlin on June 26, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, creator of the Wooster-Jeeves books, informed his listeners in New York that he had been released from the Nazi internment camp near Breslau and was living for the moment in a suite on the third floor of the Adlon Hotel. Two German guards escorted him from the camp. "They took me around and showed me Berlin, which they had not seen themselves," he said. "We went to the Olympic Stadium, and to Potsdam, and back by steamer on the Wannsee." He may go and live on an estate in the Bavarian Alps belonging to a former Hollywood friend, for the only stipulation made by the police is that he must not attempt to leave Germany. Mr. Wodehouse stated that at the internment camp, to which he was taken from his house at Le Touquet when Germany overran France, he learnt to sew, darn, sole shoes and wash shirts, and that soling shoes is a "worthy occupation for philosophers." It has been announced that Mr. Wodehouse is to broadcast to the United States once a week on his experiences, and that his talks would be "general chats, entirely non-political."

Paderewski Dead

IGNAZ JAN PADEREWSKI, the great Polish pianist and statesman, died in New York on June 29 from pneumonia contracted while travelling to New Jersey to address a rally of 5,000 of his fellow countrymen. Always an ardent patriot, Paderewski came into political prominence in 1916, when he flung himself into the successful organization of a Polish army outside Poland. After the Armistice he returned to his native land. Received with tremendous enthusiasm, he formed an independent Government, holding office both as Premier and as Foreign Minister. He was also elected President of the new Republic, and under his energetic leadership the country was restored to order. But national unity in Poland did not seem to be a lasting possibility, and in 1920 his Government was defeated, and Paderewski returned to his music. Although he never went back to Poland, he never ceased to work for his unhappy people. When the news of his death was received, Gen. Sikorski, Polish Prime Minister, called a special meeting of the Cabinet in London, at which it was announced that a posthumous award of the highest military decoration, the "Virtute Militari," had been made to this great patriot, whose passing was an irreparable loss to the Polish cause.

Falangist Legion

THE recently appointed Falangist "Minister Secretary," Señor Arrese, is the author of a scheme for enlisting volunteers against Russia. "We must avenge our dead and permit our youth to join in the great European crusade," he said in the circular sent to all Falangist chiefs throughout Spain. Volunteers must be members of the Party, of good physical fitness, and between the ages of 20 and 28. They will enlist for the duration of the campaign, and while they are away their jobs must be kept open for them and their full wages paid to their families. They will be commanded by officers who volunteer from the Regular Army. Young Falangists who allowed themselves to be exploited on June 24 in a German-staged riot outside the British Embassy in Madrid, will now have another outlet for their energies. This procession of Falange youths was led to the Embassy by a car in which was a German film camera and operators. Other cars decorated with swastikas and filled with Germans formed a rearguard. Excited by vituperative Nazi speeches, the Spanish youths presently began to throw stones at the Embassy, while the camera recorded the incident from its chosen point of vantage. General Franco has assured our Ambassador, Sir Samuel Hoare, that the Spanish Government strongly disapproved of the riots, and that the ringleaders would be punished.

Woman Pilot's Achievement

MISS JACQUELINE COCHRAN (in private life Mrs. Floyd Odlum, of New York), is the first woman to have piloted a bomber aircraft across the Atlantic. She arrived in England on June 20, stepping out of a Lockheed Hudson reconnaissance-bomber which was being delivered for service with the R.A.F. Her companion on the journey, Capt. G. Carlisle, captain and navigator, had engaged her as first officer, and although he was at the controls both when taking off and when the landing was made, it was Miss Cochran who flew the aircraft over 2,000 or so miles of ocean. This young pilot entered aviation in 1932. In 1937 she set up a new women's speed record of 304·62 m.p.h., and in the same year won the Harmon Trophy, which is awarded to the outstanding airwoman of the year. In 1938 she covered 2,042 miles in the Bendix Trophy Race in 8 hours, 10 min., 31 sec., and in 1940 maintained an average speed of 331 m.p.h. over a 2,000-kilometre course, setting up an unofficial world's speed record for the distance. Miss Cochran has had considerable experience in handling Lockheed aircraft and hopes to deliver more of them to the R.A.F.

JACQUELINE COCHRAN, American woman flier, was the first woman pilot to fly an American bomber over to England. Miss Cochran, after seeing London, reads a copy of "Time" in the Embankment gardens among City workers.
Photo, P.N.A.

THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC
Merchant Shipping Losses

	March	April	May	Totals
British				
Ships	83	71	73	227
Tons	338,105	338,186	355,105	1,031,396
Allied				
Ships	32	56	20	108
Tons	141,043	220,965	92,201	454,209
Neutral				
Ships	7	7	5	19
Tons	26,602	22,102	14,095	62,809
Totals Tons	505,750	581,253	461,401	1,548,414

Note: April and May figures are swollen by losses, mainly Greek, in evacuation from Greece. Figures for March and April are corrected to date, those for April including the addition of 24 ships (B.A. and N.), 102,167 tons, making the April total the largest for any one month of the war. May shows a slight improvement.

Enemy Losses: By capture, scuttling or sinking about 3,211,000 tons for the war period compared with 6,243,479 tons sunk by the enemy (4,024,913 tons British). Between May 10 and June 20, 1941, nearly 300,000 tons of enemy shipping were intercepted.

Mr. Churchill stated recently that "we have never fewer than 2,000 ships on the seas with 400 in the danger zone every day."

The Way of the War

O, THOSE DULL UNINSPIRING COMMUNIQUES!

Why Should 'Their Battle Be More Full of Names than Ours'?

OURS is a very private sort of war, very private indeed. Our communiqués, whether their date-line is Cairo or London, whether they come from the Air Ministry or the War Office or from their Lordships of the Admiralty, never mention anyone below the rank of brigadier. Colonels and privates are beneath the ken of the bulletin compilers. Every battle is fought and won, or fought and lost to be won another day, by a host of unnamed warriors.

This bureaucratic penchant for anonymity has been carried to such lengths that seldom, very seldom, is the name even of a regiment mentioned. For weeks the world was given to understand that the Australians and New Zealanders were bearing the brunt of the fighting in the Western Desert; not until an outraged public "down under" protested against the grotesque partiality displayed in the communiqués was it revealed that men of England—I hasten to add, and men of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, too—had played a manful and glorious part in the fighting. But even then we were left to guess at the identity of the various regiments.

At length, following upon the inquest on Crete, this policy of deliberate suppression was modified, at least in part. In the debate in the Commons Mr. Churchill gave the names of some of the regiments which had been engaged in the fighting and said that he had asked the Secretary for War "to endeavour to have mentioned more frequently the names of British regiments when this can be done without detriment to the operations." Ten days later the War Office announced at long last the names of a number of United Kingdom, Indian and Colonial units which, in addition to Dominion troops, had taken part in the recent operations in Greece, East Africa, and Crete.

FOR good reasons enough may we complain of what A. J. Cummings has aptly described as the "unimaginative dullness of our stereotyped communiqués." They make a very bad showing when compared with those of the enemy; to misquote Shakespeare, "Their battle is more full of names than ours." In just one of the Fuehrer's communiqués, for instance, that of June 30, we find personal mention of a couple of colonels, a lieutenant, a sergeant, a lance-corporal and four naval lieutenants. Admittedly, this would seem to be a new departure, one that has been copied from the Russians, but at least it shows that the Germans are not above taking a tip from the enemy.

As for the Russian communiqués, they are as full of names as a (pre-war) plum-duff of currants. Not for them the bald statements, the irritating clichés, the dull brevity of our bulletins. They are crammed with detailed accounts of the fighting, and acts of individual heroism are singled out time and again. The man who compiles them—said to be Mr. Lozovsky, Soviet Vice Commissar for Foreign Affairs—evidently realizes that the Russian public expects something more than the commonplace little essays in evasion which fall so readily from the pens of our Civil Service scribes.

OUR heroes are anonymous until they have received a decoration. The Russian heroes are acclaimed on the very morrow of their deeds of prowess. "In air combats flyers of one aviation unit brought down ten enemy aircraft. The regimental commander, Major Kordekov, Hero of the Soviet Union, brought down two enemy bombers; radio operator and machine-gunner Shishkovitch brought down during the execution of his duties two enemy Messerschmitts. During the fighting Commander Sokokin with nine airplanes was attacked by 15 enemy aircraft; he brought down six of the enemy for a loss of four. Major Yachmenev was wounded in both legs; but refused to go to hospital and continued fighting." Compare this with even the best efforts of our Air Ministry.

Just as rich in personal details and even more informative are the accounts of the deeds of the Russian soldiers. For instance, a Red Army infantryman, one Romanov, "stealthily approached an enemy scout motorcyclist and killed him. The commander of a subdivision of the same regiment, Junior Lieutenant Mezuev, although wounded, did not leave the field but continued fighting. . . . Gun Commander Junior Serg Trosimov, when his gun was surrounded by the enemy and his crew wounded, led three wounded Red Army members of his crew to shelter and calmly continued to direct the fire at the enemy. When further resistance became useless, as the enemy tanks had practically reached his position, Trosimov blew up his gun and skilfully escaped from encirclement . . . The commander of a battalion, Captain Koshel, skilfully organized machine-gun fire in battle. He quietly admitted the enemy to close quarters and opened cross machine-gun fire. Two enemy companies were annihilated."

THE Russians, it is clear, have no false modesty. They don't mind telling the world that not only have they heroes but that their heroes have names. Still more significant, even more strange, they recognize that not all the heroes are on the battlefield. Scanning this same communiqué we come across the name of "polisher Popov," who, we are told, after being wounded in the fighting in the Finnish War in the winter of 1940, on the outbreak of the new war came to the Ilyich plant in Leningrad and asked for a job. "'At such a time,' he said, 'I cannot go on staying at home and drawing a pension. I have enough strength and experience to replace comrades who have gone to the front.'"

Then there is "mechanic Tiant who remained on duty for three days and nights until he had finished assembling important machinery. After that he rested for three hours and began helping his fellow-workers. . . . One of the workers in a Moscow factory, Comrade Zagouzoff, received the important task of making urgently 100 cylinders, which normally require about 500 working hours. Comrade Zagouzoff, working on two lathes simultaneously, did not leave his work for five whole days, until he had finished his job. The quality of the work was excellent . . . Foreman Antonov, jointly with his assistant Bashmanov, has designed an original appliance for raising the productivity of a certain machine which can do the work of five men called to the army . . ."

WELL done, polisher Popov, mechanic Tiant, foreman Antonov, and Bashmakov your mate! But have we no John Browns, Bill Smiths and Peter Robinsons who have shown their patriotism in our workshops, just as their sons and brothers have shown it on the battlefield? Have we no exemplars to make the "absentees" blush, wherever they live, whatever their class and station? Of course we have. Then why shouldn't we know their names? Why shouldn't we give honour where honour is due? Why not, Mr. Bevin? What about it, Lord Beaverbrook?

E. Royston Pike

WHO IS HE? Talking to an eager audience of pit boys is the captain of the Catalina Flying Boat who sighted the Bismarck. We have published his story (see page 621); we have reproduced his portrait; but we are still not permitted to mention his name.

Our Air Offensive Is Now Really Beginning

Following the invasion of Russia, the R.A.F. intensified their offensive against the Germans in Occupied France and in the Vaterland. Night after night, and still more important, even more significant—day after day, our bombers and fighters carried the war well into enemy country.

"We shall bomb Germany by day as well as by night in ever-increasing measure," declared Mr. Churchill in his great broadcast on June 22, "casting upon them month by month a heavier discharge of bombs and making the German people taste each month the sharper dose of the miseries they have showered upon mankind.

"Only yesterday," the Premier went on, "the Royal Air Force, fighting inland over France, struck down with very small loss to themselves twenty-eight of the Hun fighting machines in the air above the French soil they have invaded, defiled, and profess to hold. But this is only the beginning . . ."

For days and weeks before Mr. Churchill spoke the R.A.F. had been developing their air offensive in gathering strength. At first, months ago, there were "sweeps" across the Channel and up and down the French coast—"feelers" designed to discover the enemy's strength, small-scale raids resulting in shooting down quite a number of Nazi planes. These offensive patrols did so well that they were steadily increased in frequency and in the number of planes employed. With the coming of summer numbers of bombers were employed, escorted by hundreds of fighters. At first only the coastal regions were attacked, but now the R.A.F. is reaching ever farther and farther inland, until no part of the occupied territories is safe from their attentions. There is not an enemy aerodrome in north-western Europe which is not liable to be attacked at any hour of the day. German supplies have been hampered, their communications have been disrupted, and war production in the Nazi-controlled factories held up.

Unfortunately it is impossible to discriminate between friend and foe, and it was with a view to sparing the French workers (who, if reports speak true, are decidedly hostile to the Nazis, although they are compelled to work for them) that in a recent B.B.C. French broadcast an officer of the R.A.F. General Staff spoke direct to the French workers.

"The raids of the Royal Air Force," he said, "have wrought havoc on the armament factories in Germany and France. The Germans have therefore decided to evacuate their workers and to replace them by Frenchmen. Germany wants to attack your brothers with what your labour produces. The R.A.F. is resolved to attack all factories in occupied France. Therefore, go to the country to work there if possible. At least, evacuate your women and children from the neighbourhood of such factories. If you are compelled to stay in the factories, go to the shelters as soon as the Alert is sounded. Ask for good shelters, and if the Germans do not sound the Alert leave your working place whenever you hear the buzz of our planes. Should no security be given to you, then go on strike. The more pretexts found by you for stopping work the fewer bombs will be produced for your friends."

Day by day the score of Nazi planes downed by our pilots mounted. In the eight days between June 16 and 23, 114 German machines were accounted for by our fighters over Northern France. Many of the British pilots expressed surprise at the lack of spirit shown by the enemy. "They outnumbered us," said one Squadron Leader on returning to his base, "but did not attempt anything in the way of concerted attack. The Germans seemed to be looking for stragglers, and displayed a reluctance to attack the main formations." Maybe the Nazis have had orders to avoid combat; more likely is it that their numbers were seriously reduced when the Luftwaffe found itself flung against the air armadas of the Soviet Union. Certainly, the invasion of Russia gave the R.A.F. a wonderful opportunity which they were quick to seize. The daylight sweeps beyond the Channel were intensified, and at night, in spite of the brief midsummer darkness, the Ruhr and the great ports and industrial centres of western and north-western Germany were hammered time and again. Bremen and Kiel, whence the German Navy is operating against the Russians in the Baltic, were battered afresh by night, and on June 30 they were attacked in the most daring fashion by day.

LOSSES IN THE NEW AIR OFFENSIVE
June 1—30, 1941

	GERMAN				R.A.F.					
	Over Britain (Night)		Over France etc. (Day)		Over Britain (Night)	Over France and Germany (Day & Night)				Pilots Safe
Date	B.	F.	B.	F.	F.	B.	F.	C.C.	R.	
June 1-10	15	2	1	7	1	15	3	4		
„ 11-15	9	2	2	4		20	1	4	1	
„ 16-20	6	3	1	36		15	18	2		2
„ 21-22	4	2		26	1	2	3			1
„ 22-23				31		3	2	1		1
„ 23-24				20		3	3			1
„ 24-25	4			9		3	2			
„ 25-26	2			13		2	5			
„ 26-27				10		2	3			
„ 27-28	1			8		12	9			
„ 28-29	1			5		1	3			
„ 29-30	1			7		14	1			
Totals	43	9	4	176	2	92	53	11	1	5

B = Bomber, F = Fighter, C.C. = Coastal Command, R. = Reconnaissance. *From Air Ministry communiqués.*

With what joyous relief our people watched the turn of the tide in the air war need hardly be stressed. Writing to the "Daily Express" from Dover on June 25, Hilde Marchant said: "These are the Dover days again—but this time the battle echoes from the other side. This time, when the people in the streets hear the sound of planes, they look into the sky and murmur a satisfied 'Ours.' This time the sound of heavy bombs drifts over the Straits from France's white coast, and these white cliffs and headlands lie safe and secure under the R.A.F.'s wings.

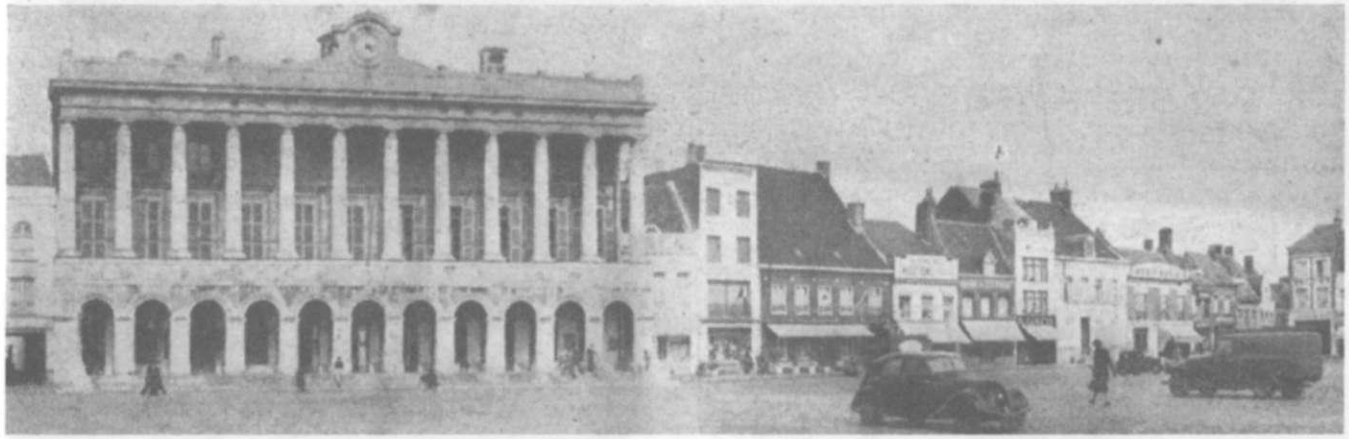
"Last September I sat on this cliff edge and watched the Battle of Britain. In those days we could only identify the R.A.F. when we saw six or nine planes tear into formations of 50 or more. That was a thrilling sight. But this sight today is even more glorious—to see the R.A.F. fly out in bold numbers and sweep over the Channel in their proud formations. "Now the sirens on our coast are silent; but they must be squeaking all day in those crumbling French towns . . .

"Day and night the heavy echoes come rolling over the Straits, and in the pubs and in the shops they say, 'Our boys are giving it to them again' . . .

"The Nazi air force has not been seen or heard for weeks. And as a fresh formation passes over our heads at this moment one of the soldiers in the road says, 'The R.A.F. have got their tails up all right.'"

R.A.F. ACES, veterans of the Battle of Britain, are now busily engaged in carrying the war into the enemy's camp. Here are some of them: 1, Flt.-Lt. J. L. Kilmartin, D.F.C., who had already destroyed 12 enemy aircraft by the end of last September; 2, Sqdn.-Ldr. D. R. S. Bader, D.S.O., the "legless wonder," who commands a Canadian squadron; 3, Flt.-Lt. J. H. Mungo-Park, D.F.C., reported "missing" on July 1; 4, Flt.-Lt. H. M. Stephens, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, who once shot down five enemy planes in one day; 5, Flying-Officer Newell Orton, D.F.C.; 6, Sqdn.-Ldr. R. R. Stanford Tuck, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, who has shot down over 30 Nazi planes; 7, Wing-Cmdr. J. A. Kent, D.F.C., A.F.C.; 8, Wing-Cmdr. A. G. Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, R.A.F.'s leading ace, with 35 Nazi planes to his credit. *Photos, British Official, Associated Press, Planet News, and Central Press*

Now the Air Frontier Is Away Over France

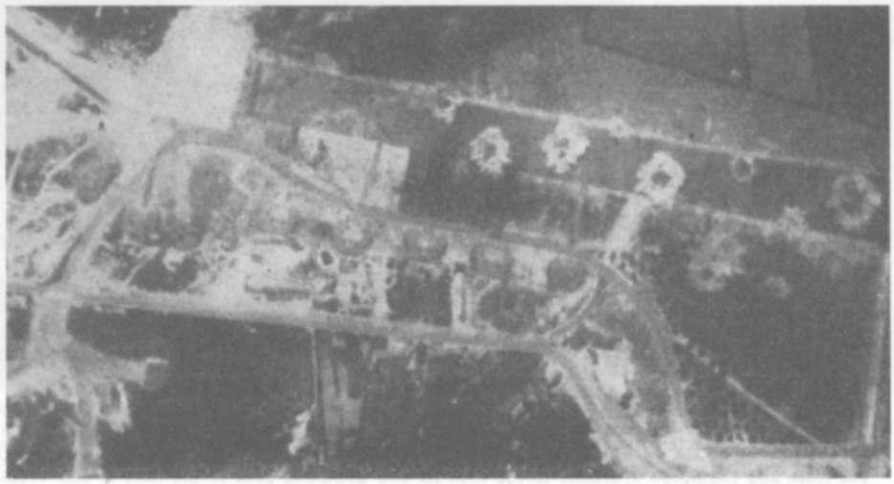


HAZEBROUCK, the Grand' Place of which is seen in the top photograph, is a somnolent French provincial town, near Calais. As a German military base it possesses invasion significance, and is therefore under continual observation and bombardment from the R.A.F. Above is an aerial view of the marshalling yards there before being attacked, and in the photograph on the right we see the effect of bombs falling among the rolling stock. All the way from Calais to Brest Bomber Command is striking with increasing force.

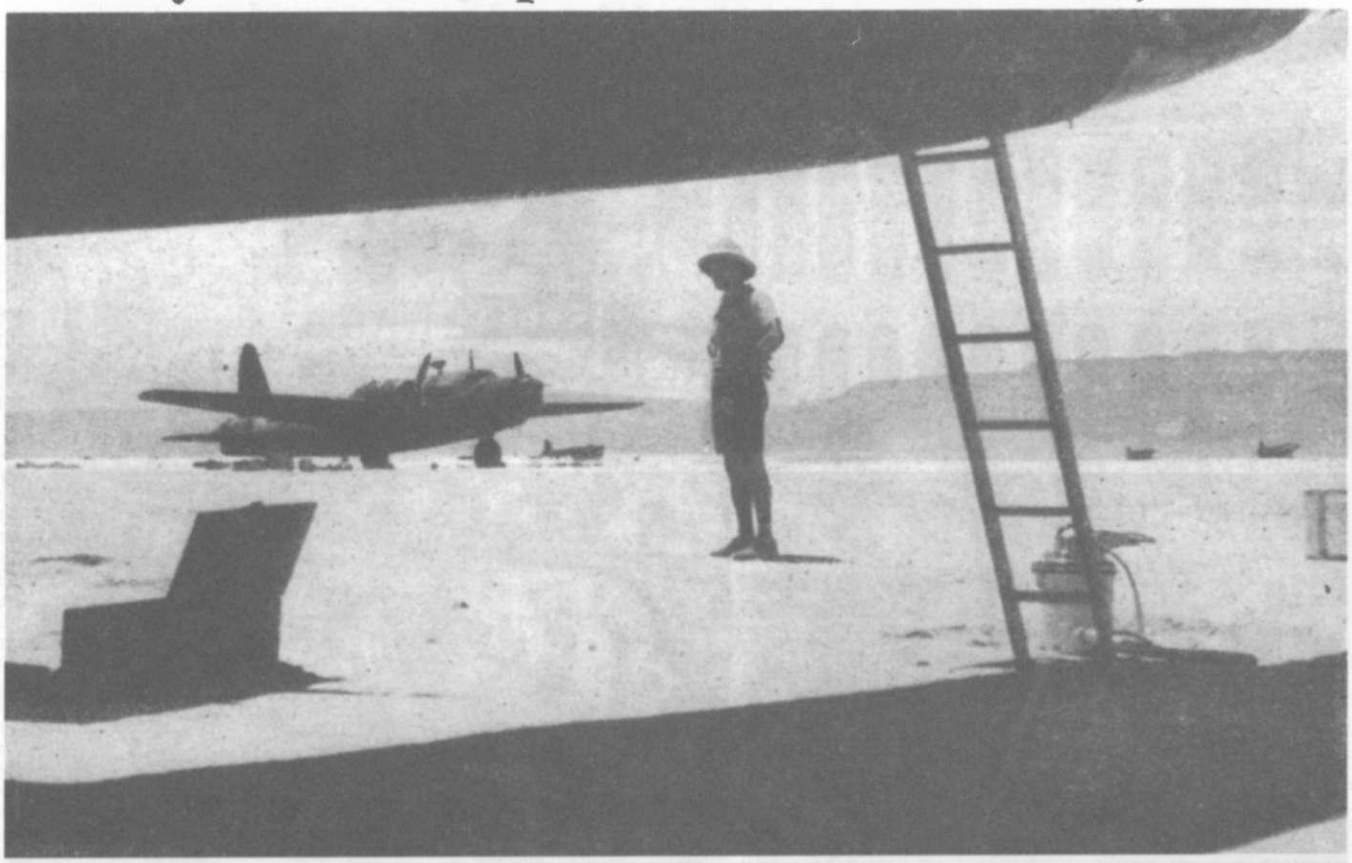
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; G. MacCormack

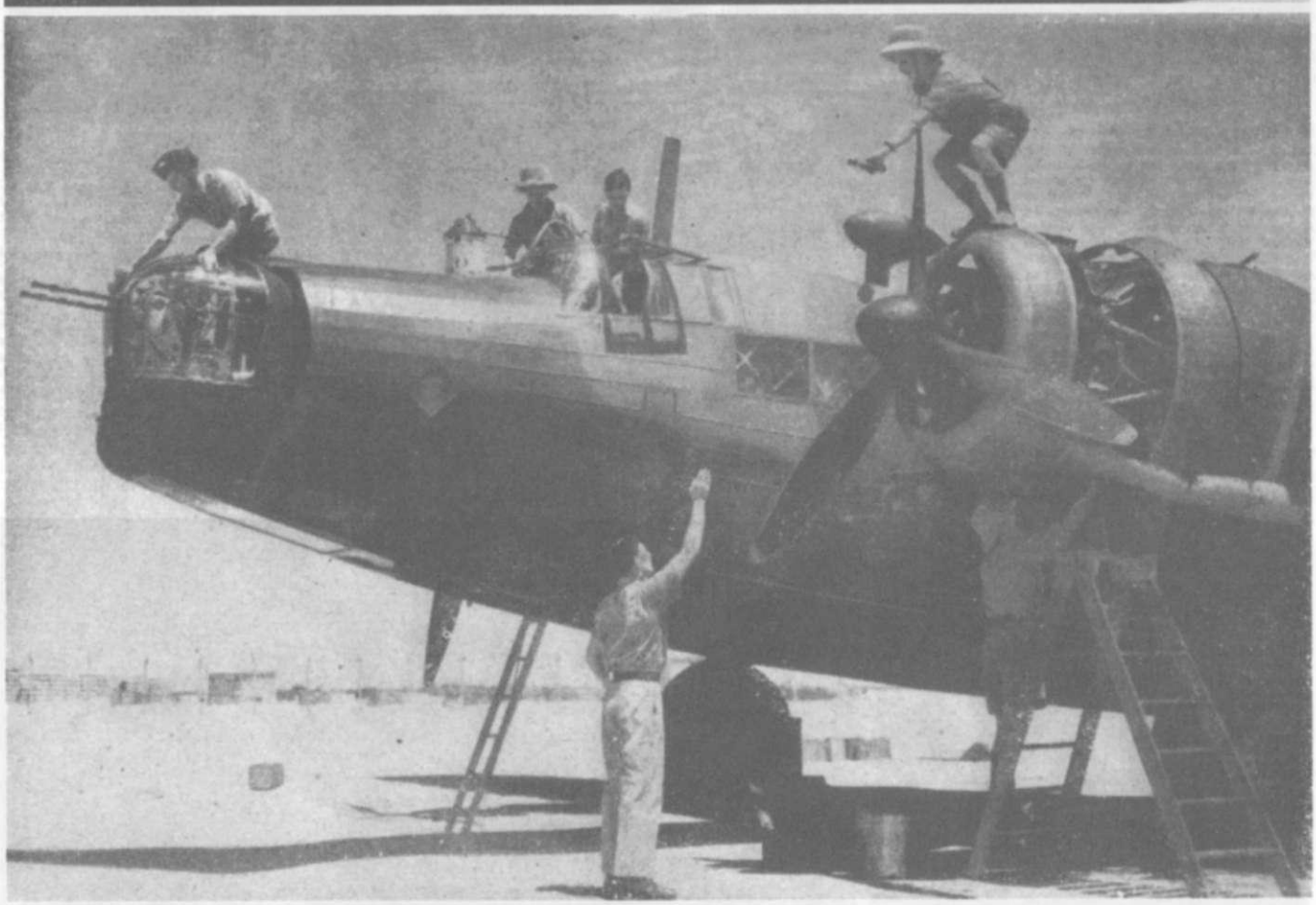
NORTHERN FRANCE and Southern England (left), showing the relative positions of aerial combat in September 1940 and June 1941. Gradually the R.A.F. are pushing back the Luftwaffe line and reversing the conditions of the Battle of Britain. Beneath is a once quiet corner of St. Omer, now a centre right in the R.A.F. scheme of things; and an impression of nine bombs bursting on the concrete runway of the St Omer-Longueness aerodrome during a daylight sweep.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; A. J. Insall, Map by "Daily Mail"



They're 'On Top' in the Middle East, Too





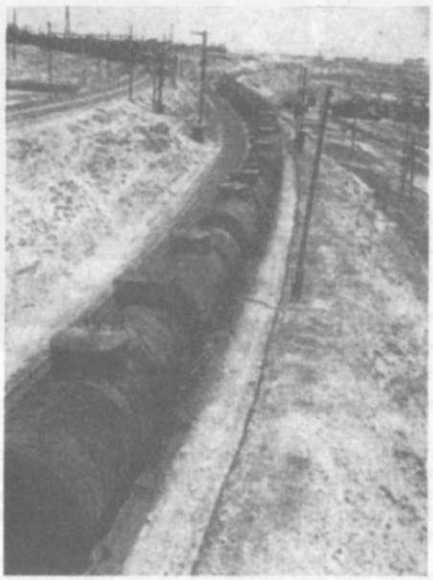
While their brothers at home are establishing air supremacy over the Channel and Occupied France, the R.A.F. are maintaining their ascendancy in the eastern theatre of war. In the Middle East there are plenty of wide level spaces which can be used as landing-grounds, but the maintenance-men find the sand a curse. The Vokes Aero Filter (see page 293) has done much to combat the menace of sand in the engines and bearings, and this is supplemented by the use of vacuum cleaners, one of which is seen at the foot of the ladder in the top photograph, and in use in the other. Note the Nash and Thompson hydraulic turret with its two Browning guns in the nose of this Wellington bomber. *Photos British Official*

Well May Russia Tempt the Greedy Nazis

By way of accompaniment to the description of the political organization of the Soviet State which appears in page 676 we print below an account of some aspects of Russia's economic life. Brief though it is, it may suggest not the least powerful of the reasons which have impelled Hitler to take the road to Moscow—the desire for oil and wheat and "living-space."

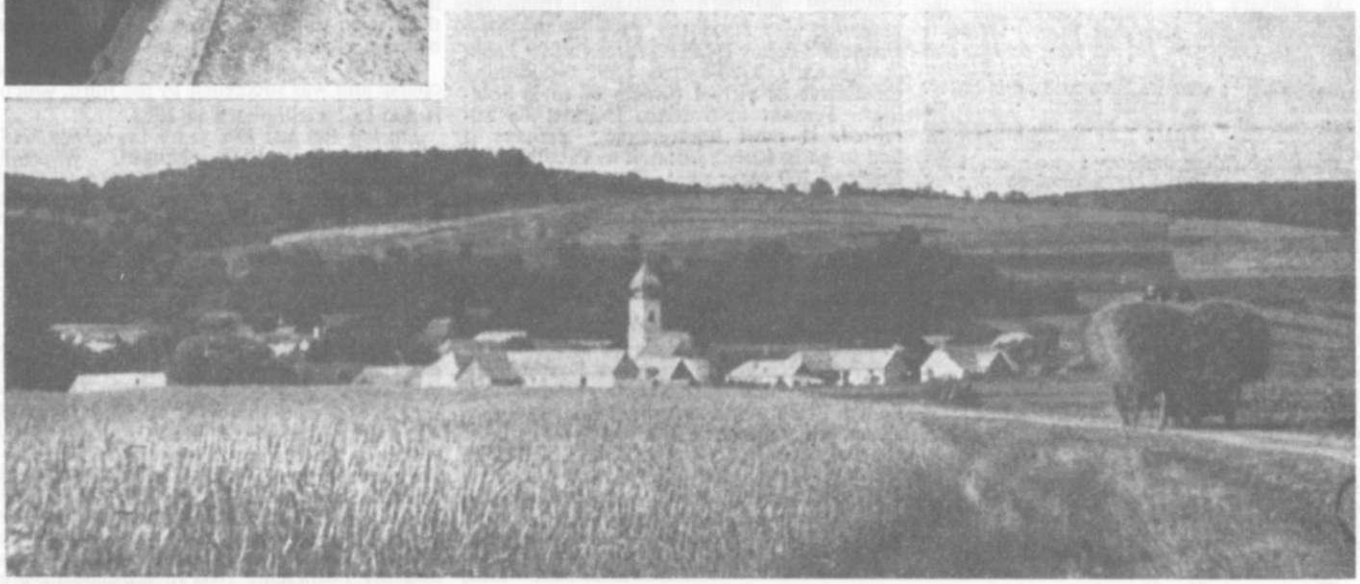
WHEN Napoleon went to Moscow in 1812 he wanted to teach Tsar Alexander a lesson. He had no intention of consolidating his conquest; he went for prestige rather than for plunder. Now Hitler has taken the same road, but if Hitler gets to Moscow we may be sure that he will do his best to remain there. One more capital entered by his conquering legions can hardly be a great matter when practically all the capitals of Europe have echoed to the swaggering feet of his troopers. But Russia is rich—rich in natural resources and productive power; rich, too, in human factory and farm fodder. Moreover, there is plenty of room in Russia since, taking the Union as a whole, there are only 18 people to a square mile. In Russia, and only in Russia, is there room for those 200,000,000 Germans who, if the Nazi boasts are fulfilled, will want their share of living-space before this century is out.

Russia was always a rich country, with her vast forests and the great plains of the black earth belt, waving with corn in the summer sunshine. But the Russia of Stalin is infinitely richer, and so infinitely more desirable a prize than the Russia of ill-fated Tsar Nicholas. During the last ten or fifteen years the country has been transformed from one which was almost entirely agrarian to one which, though agriculture is still the mainstay of its life, is among the most highly industralized countries of the modern world. The transformation dates from 1928, when the first of the Five-Year Plans was inaugurated. Its aim, in Stalin's words, was to transform the U.S.S.R. "from an agrarian and weak country, dependent upon the caprices of the capitalist countries, into an industrial and powerful country, quite independent of the caprices of world capitalism." It was a deliberate attempt to beat the Americans at their own game—to accomplish in a single generation all and more than the countries of Western Europe and North America had been able to accomplish since the dawn of the Industrial Revolution.



Anastas Ivanovich Mikoyan (left), People's Commissar of Foreign Trade, who received Mr. Laurence J. Cadbury (right) when the latter arrived in Moscow as a member of the British Economic Mission to Russia, in June 1941. *Photo, Planet News*

Working in close and constant consultation with the All-Union Central Committee of Trade Unions (representing 18 million members), the Consumers' Cooperative Movement and the People's Commissars concerned with the home front, the plan was produced and put into operation by the State Planning Commission (Gosplan). The first Five-Year Plan, launched on October 1, 1928, aimed explicitly at the basic industrialization of the Union. In a country so essentially agricultural as Russia it was imperative that the means of production—"capital goods" in the economists' jargon—should be given the priority over "consumer goods." It was a hard choice, and in the process the standard of living of the Russian workers, already low, was driven lower still, so that there was much grumbling and even open opposition. But when persuasion failed, compulsion was ruthlessly employed. Fortunately for the success of the plan the interest and enthusiasm of large numbers of the workers were effectively enlisted. They subscribed to the state loans, they worked overtime without pay, they made short shrift of slackers in their midst; moreover, they were encouraged to increase their output by the bigger rations granted to "shock workers" as well as by holidays at the seaside in the Crimea, and free railway passes. A new title, Hero of Socialist Labour, was created for those who distinguished themselves, particularly in the pioneering work, and another honourable appellation was "Stakhanovite," derived from the Donetz miner, Alexei Stakhanov, who invented



OIL AND WHEAT are two commodities which Hitler needs and hopes to seize from Russia by conquest. In Transcaucasia, between Baku on the Caspian Sea and Batum on the Black Sea, lie rich oilfields and many oil trains ply over the Transcaucasian railway (top left). Above is a scene in the fertile Ukraine towards the rich wheat belts of which the Germans have always cast covetous glances. But not only is the Ukraine a great source of Russia's wheat supply; it provides her with a very large part of her mineral riches, including three-fifths of her pig-iron, iron ore and coal. *Photos, Wide World and Planet News*

How the 'Plans' Have Made a New Country

RUSSIA'S VITAL INDUSTRIES—coal, oil, wheat and electricity—are now widely dispersed all over the U.S.S.R. and not concentrated as formerly in one or two parts. This is her greatest strength against the invaders, for whatever the Nazi victories, even though they capture Moscow, they would not stop the heart of Soviet industry or the pulse of Russian patriotism. The map indicates Russia's immense retreating space, as far as the Urals and the Caspian Sea, if necessary, about 1,500 miles from the western frontier at Brest Litovsk. *By courtesy of "Reynold's News"*

new ways for voluntarily increasing production.

In January 1933 Stalin summarized the results of the first Five-Year Plan. "When it began," he said, "we did not have an iron and steel industry, the basis of the industrialization of the country; now we have such an industry. We did not have a tractor industry; now we have one. We did not have an automobile industry; now we have one. We did not have a machine-building industry; now we have one. We did not have a big and modern chemical industry; now we have one. We did not have a real, solid industry for the production of modern agricultural machinery; now we have one. In output of electric power we were last on the list; now we are among the first on the list. In output of oil products and coal we were last on the list; now we are among the first on the list. We had only one single coal and metallurgical base, the Ukraine, which we could barely manage; we have not only succeeded in improving this base, but we have created a new coal and metallurgical base in the East which is the pride of our country. We had only one single textile industry base, in the north of the country; in the very near future we shall have two new bases of the textile industry, in Central Asia and Eastern Siberia. And we have not only created these enormous branches of industry, but we have created them on a scale and in dimensions which make the scale and dimensions of European industry pale into insignificance."

The second Five-Year Plan, which came into operation at the end of 1932, aimed not so much at the production of further capital goods as at an increase in consumer goods. It also gave special attention to the collectivization of agriculture, and here it encountered stubborn resistance from the peasants, who since the days of the New Economic Policy (N.E.P.) forced upon Lenin in the early 1920's had been establishing themselves as virtual owners of their holdings. Peasant cultivation, it must be admitted, is most uneconomic; perhaps it had to go in Russia just as it was abolished in England 200 years ago. But even the most ardent wellwishers of the Soviet regime were aghast at the savage methods employed in the collectivization. By the thousand the peasants were driven from their holdings to take their places in the collective farms (Kolkhoz); and the more recalcitrant were expelled from the countryside and forced to labour in the timber camps in the frozen north. Particularly venomous was the onslaught on the better-class peasants—the kulaks—men who by their toil and enterprise in small matters had raised themselves above the economic level of their fellows. Despite the sternest repressive measures, resistance still continued; cattle were slaughtered on a huge scale, grain was hidden away so that it should not be seized by the officials sent from the towns; and the labour in the kolkhoz often suffered since the most industrious and keen farmers had been sent into exile. At length Stalin realized that his policy was too drastic and he gave orders to his emissaries to "go slow." Henceforth, though there was no going back on the principle of collective farms, the individual peasants were permitted to own their own huts, to have a few personal belongings and a cow or two.

So the second Five-Year Plan ran its course and was succeeded by the third, which is due to be completed in 1942.

During the last few years the whole face of Russia has been changed. Whereas three-quarters of the total industries used to be concentrated around Moscow, St. Petersburg (Leningrad), and in the Ukraine, the Soviet policy is to distribute industry throughout its territory. Great new industrial towns have sprung up in all parts of the Union, sometimes in places where no human foot had ever trod. Only a few years ago Magnitogorsk was not even a village; today it is a great city of 150,000 people. Others that may be mentioned are Karaganda (166,000) in Kazakstan, Stalingorsk (76,000) in West Siberia, Igarka in East Siberia, and Korovsk, which is actually in the Arctic Circle. A prosperous cotton industry has been developed in what we still call Turkistan; wheat is grown not only in the Ukraine but in many regions in the centre, east and north of the Union; coal is supplied from Siberian mines and the Far East; rich metal deposits are being worked in the Urals, Siberia, and other parts of Asiatic Russia. The immense oil deposits in the Caucasus have been developed, as also in the Urals and in the Volga valley.

At Stalin's Battle-Cry All Russia Rallies

After a fortnight of fiercest fighting, Hitler's armies had overrun most of Stalin's recently-acquired territories, but had made little progress into Russia proper. Particularly incensed were the Nazis at the "scorched earth" policy called for by Stalin in his great broadcast of July 3—a policy which might well prove as disastrous to Hitler as the winter snows to Napoleon, 129 years ago.

STALIN broadcast to the Russian people on July 3. It was a speech grim in its realism, yet its frankness was matched by its courage and its note of supreme confidence.

"In spite of the heroic resistance of the Red Army," he began, "in spite of the fact that the best units of his air force have already been beaten and have found their grave on the battle-fields, the enemy continues to push forward and to throw new forces on the front. Hitler's armies have succeeded in seizing Lithuania, the greater part of Latvia, the western part of White Russia, and part of Western Ukraine. The Fascist Air Force extends the operations of its bombers, and raids Murmansk, Orsha, Mogilev, Smolensk, Kiev, Odessa, and Sebastopol."

General C. K. ZHUKOV, Chief of the General Staff of the Red Army (left) and Lieut.-Gen. F. N. MASON MACFARLANE, Military Attaché with the British Mission now in Russia.
Photos, Planet News and Walter Stoneman

How could it have happened, he went on to ask, that the glorious Red Army had surrendered to the Fascist troops a number of the Russian towns? "Are German Fascists armies really invincible as is continually proclaimed by the boastful Fascist propagandists?" Swift came his answer.

"History shows that there are no invincible armies . . . Hitler's Fascist army can and will be defeated just as the armies of Napoleon and Wilhelm II were defeated.

"Our country," he went on, "has entered upon a death struggle with her most ferocious and perfidious enemy—German Fascism. He intends to seize our land, bathed in our sweat, to seize our wheat and our oil, the fruits of our labour. He intends to restore the power of big landowners, to restore Tsarism, to destroy the national culture and national States of the Russians, Ukrainians, White Russians, Lithuanians, Letts, Estonians, Moldavians, Uzbeks, Tartars, Georgians, Armenians, Azerbaidjanians, and other free peoples of the Soviet Union, to Germanize them, and to transform them into slaves of German princes and barons. It is therefore a question of life and death for the Soviet State, for the people of the U.S.S.R.—a question whether the peoples of the Soviet Union shall be free or reduced to slavery."

Soviet citizens must understand the full gravity of the danger threatening the country and put aside the "placid and carefree mentality" which had been theirs in the times of peaceful reconstruction. They must mobilize and reorganize their whole work on a new war footing. They should have no mercy for the enemy, nor should there be any place in their ranks for grumblers, cowards, panic-mongers, and deserters. They must organize speedy transportation of troops, food-stuffs and munitions, as well as large-scale assistance to the wounded. They must produce more rifles machine-guns, guns, cartridges, shells, and aircraft, organize the defence of factories, power-stations, and communications, and arrange effective air-raid precautions in every locality.

"In the event of the retreat of the Red Army all railway rolling-stock must be brought away. We must not leave a single engine to the enemy, nor a single railway coach. We must not leave a single pound of grain or a single gallon of petrol to the enemy. The collective farmers must take away all their cattle and place their corn in the care of State organizations to be transported to the rear zone. All valuable materials which cannot be taken away must be resolutely destroyed.

"In the areas occupied by the enemy, foot and horse guerilla detachments must be created, as well as groups of *saboteurs* entrusted with fighting against the units of the enemy army, with the launching of guerilla warfare everywhere, with blowing up bridges and roads, with wrecking telephone and telegraph communications, and with setting forests, depots, and trains on fire. It is necessary to create in invaded areas conditions unbearable for the enemy and all his accomplices."

This was no ordinary war. It was not only a war between two armies, but a great war of the whole Soviet people against the German Fascist troops, a war for the liberation of all the peoples of Europe groaning under the Nazi yoke. "In this connection the historic utterance of the British Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, about aid to the Soviet Union, and the declaration of the Government of the United States signifying readiness to give assistance to our country are fully comprehensible and symptomatic." Then Stalin concluded on a hopeful note. "Comrades! Our forces are numberless. The overweening enemy will soon learn this to his cost. Side by side with the Red Army many thousands of workers, collective farmers, and intellectuals are rising to fight the enemy aggressor. The masses of our people will rise up in their millions. The working people of Moscow and Leningrad have already commenced quickly to form popular levies in support of the Red Army. Such popular levies must be raised in every city which is in danger of enemy invasion; all working people must be roused to defend our freedom, our honour, our country, in our patriotic war against German Fascism."

Millions in Furious Battle

While the "Red Tsar" was speaking, the great battle round Minsk was at its height—a battle which was described as the greatest of all time, one in which millions of men were engaged over an area of hundreds of square miles. Great masses of infantry fought furiously in hand-to-hand combat, but there was a new feature in the hordes of tanks which charged each other like rampageous elephants. There was little that could be described as a front, and no line that could be clearly distinguished. Here at last "defence in depth" was being tried out against the thrusts of Hitler's Panzer divisions. Slowly the battle drifted towards the east, across the great plain, but it was continuous over an area half the size of England. At the very tip of the advance thundered the Nazi tanks which had broken through in the Minsk sector and triumphantly taken the road to Moscow. They sped along the highway, scattering confusion and death on either side; but between them and the "deadly, drilled, docile, brutish masses of the Hun soldiery," as Mr. Churchill has called them, stretched 150 or even 200 miles of country—as far as, say, from London to York—which, though they had covered, they did not in any real sense of the term control.

This was a new kind of war, yet the Nazis who have specialized in military novelties found it not altogether to their taste. "Different methods from those used in France are being used in Russia," read an announcement from Berlin, "because large Russian units at the rear of the German forces are hiding in woods and marshes and are offering stubborn and at times powerful resistance. Thus there are two wars raging: one fought out by Panzers; the other, a small scale war behind the German lines in which the Russians are trying desperately to impede the German

COMMITTEE OF DEFENCE, set up in Russia on June 30, are here seen on their way to the Red Square, Moscow. Left to right, M. Molotov (vice-chairman), M. Stalin (chairman), Marshal Voroshilov; behind, M. Malenkov (left) and M. Beria, party chief for Georgia.
Photo, Planet News

Great Nazi Gains—But No Decisive Victory

advance by cutting their lines of communication."

The Nazis, it is clear, had expected that once the "line" was broken by their spearhead of tanks, then the Russians on either side of the gap would throw up the sponge. The Russians, however, let the German tanks go through; they admitted that the Germans had swept on 60 or 100 miles past Minsk. Then they said, in effect, "So what?" The spearhead had thrust deep, but the shaft was being gnawed and mauled by the huge Russian forces left behind and only just coming into action. Soon the Nazis began to show signs of anxiety concerning the fate of their advanced units. After all, Russia is not like France where petrol-stations are to be found in every village, at almost every cross-road. The question of supply and of refuelling units which had gone off "into the blue" must have taxed even the highly-efficient Nazi commissariat.

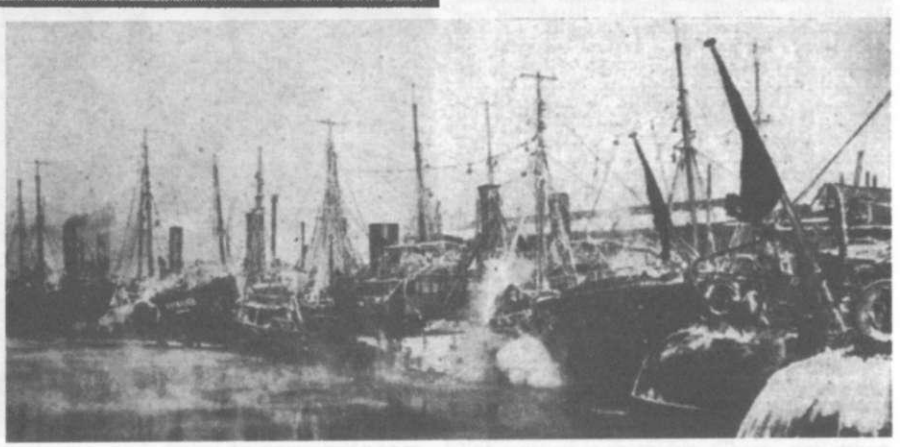
MINSK, capital of White Russia, with tanks passing Government House in Lenin Square. Fifteen miles over the Stalin Line on the road to Moscow, Minsk is the centre of one of the greatest battles ever fought. *Photo, E.N.A.*

Great victories were claimed by the German High Command: 160,000 prisoners had been taken in the first ten days' fighting, and a huge quantity of booty, including 5,774 Russian tanks, 2,330 guns, four armoured trains, and 4,725 planes. Then it was claimed that the Soviet Army had suffered bloody losses which were many times the number of prisoners taken. The Soviet resistance had been stubborn; surprisingly stubborn, indeed. "In many respects," said one German report from the front, "our present opponents are more formidable than our previous foes, not only from the point of view of numbers. Before, we fought soldiers possessing intelligence and experience. Now we have an opponent neither brave nor intelligent, but forming a collective, tough mass with the soullessness and indifference of a machine." Another German commentator complained bitterly that "the Red soldiers have a brutish obstinacy instead of intelligence and imagination." Then the Berlin correspondent of a Spanish newspaper, after referring to the "indisputable training and skilled stubbornness and absolute heroism of the Russians," described the battle as of the "civil war" type. "In the woods and fields Russian soldiers in civilian dress try to filter through the circle of Hitler's troops in order to contact the Bolshevik civil population and coordinate sabotage and audacious coups behind the lines of the conqueror." The independence and capacity for initiativeness of these isolated guerilla bands was surprising, he went on; why, in some forts there had been found "almost undefeatable women, defending them with a fierceness hitherto unknown in normal beings."

After ten days of war a pattern of the battle began to emerge. To quote the apt imagery of Captain Liddell Hart, writing in the "Daily Mail," it might be described as a left-handed "five-finger exercise," stretching across the 1,800-miles keyboard of Russia's western frontiers, between the Black Sea and the Arctic Ocean. The thumb resting on the Black Sea coast was pressing upon Bessarabia in the direction of Odessa. The first finger was pushing south to the Pripet marshes towards Kiev. The middle finger was pushing past Minsk on the road to Smolensk and Moscow. The third finger was operating in the Baltic States in the direction of Leningrad, while the little finger was pressing against the Arctic port of Murmansk in the direction of the White Sea. The main effort was that of the middle finger, made through Poland along the road that Napoleon took to Moscow. On the left flank the Germans had won considerable success in the Baltic States, since Lithuania had been overrun and Latvia penetrated. Leningrad was definitely threatened. But Hitler, so it was said, had expected to reach Moscow in three weeks; when half the time had elapsed he had still a long way to go.

CENTRAL WAR AREA of the Russo-German campaign with towns and districts on either side of the Russian frontier shaded to indicate fighting zones up to July 3, 1941.
By courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"

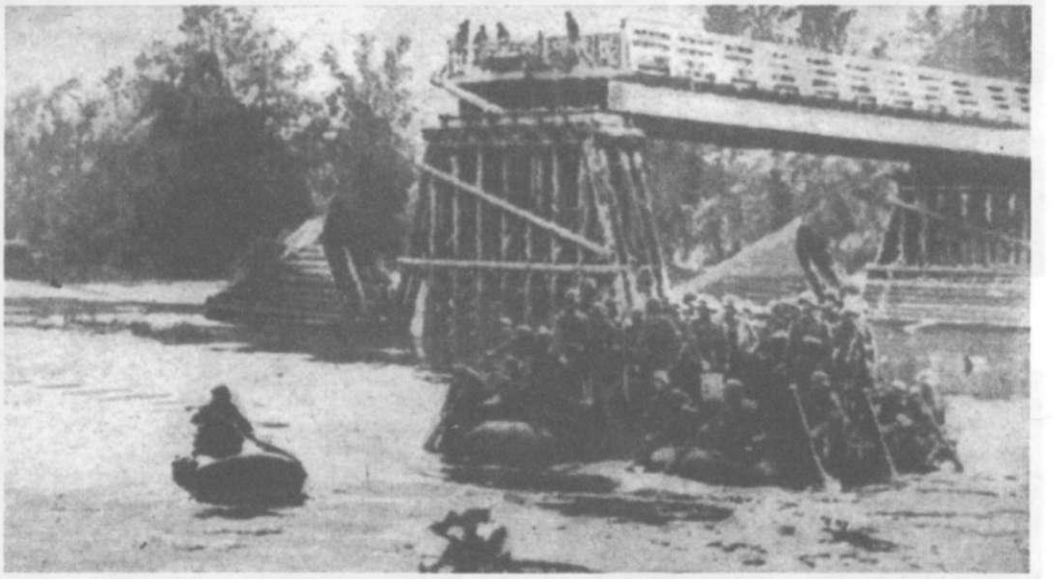
LENINGRAD is seen in this map in relation to the Gulf of Finland and the Karelian Isthmus, with the German-Finnish line of attack.
Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Felix Gardon*



MURMANSK, the most westerly base of Russia's Arctic fleet, which the German-Finnish forces captured on July 1, after dive-bombing the port with Stukas; they were soon ejected, according to Russian reports, and so a flank attack on Leningrad was prevented.
Photo, E.N.A.

First Photos of the Nazi Invasion of Russia

IN RUSSIA the Germans are hurling their masses against the Red Army in the hopes of a quick decision. Here are some of the first pictures received in London of the Nazi invasion. Above, Germans place a log bridge across a brook to enable supplies to be brought up.



Unchecked by a demolished bridge, German soldiers cross a Russian river in collapsible boats (right).

Below, according to the German caption, is a Nazi column marching into Soviet Russia. Coming from the opposite direction are Russian prisoners, their hands on their heads in token of surrender.

Photos, Associated Press and Keystone

From the Defensive to the Offensive: the R.A.F. Take the Air War O

One of our young fighter pilots enjoys a refreshing cup of tea on his return from an offensive sweep over Nazi-occupied France.

Left, the crew of a Bri Blenheim bomber loading their gear returning from a sw over the North Se search of enemy shipp Right, a trio of Bri Blenheims off to seek foe.

Photos, Fox, Centr Press, L.N.A., Keyst Chas. E. Brown, Barr and Associated Pre

At the Prow They Fly the Cross of Lorraine

THE Free French Naval Forces comprise more than a hundred ships of all categories. Many of them are actually in service and the others are being rearmed. Two of these vessels merit special notice ; one is the destroyer Triomphant, seen in this page, and the other is the submarine Surcouf. The Triomphant, a vessel of 2,569 tons, built more on the lines of a British light cruiser, has an exceptional turn of speed. Her maximum speed is 43 knots and she can maintain a steady 37 knots for long periods. Commissioned in 1934, she mounts five 5·5-in. guns, four 37 mm. and four 13 mm. A.A. guns as well as four D.C. throwers. She has nine torpedo tubes. The Surcouf is the largest submarine in the world. She carries a seaplane and mounts two 8-in. guns as well as two 37 mm. A.A. guns. She has a range of 12,000 miles at 10 knots (her speed submerged) and can cruise on the surface at 18 knots. She carries 22 torpedoes and her diving limit is over 70 fathoms.

The crews of the Free French Naval Forces, composed exclusively of French sailors, have been recruited from (a) the entire crews of ships who rallied immediately to General de Gaulle, e.g. the submarines Narval and Rubis ; (b) personnel who, at the time of the Armistice, were on ships in English waters and who eventually rallied to the F.N.F.L. ; (c) sailors from merchant ships, such as the trawlers of Newfoundland, anxious to serve in the Free French Navy, and (d) sailors from all over the world who decided to make their way to the side of General de Gaulle when their ships were disarmed.

ESTABLISHMENTS for training naval cadets have been set up ; cadets are divided between the "Ecole Navale," for officers, on board the President Theodore Tissier ; the "Ecole des Gabiers," for naval observers, on the schooner Etoile ; the "Ecole des Timoniers," for steersmen, on the schooner Belle-Poule, the "Ecole des Radios," for wireless specialists, on the battleship Courbet, etc.

The Free French Naval Forces, under the command of Vice-Admiral Muselier, have already won several distinctions for their work at sea. The commander of the submarine Rubis has been awarded the D.S.O., two of his officers the D.S.C., and five ratings the D.S.M.

Vice-Admiral Muselier has mentioned in the "Ordre de la Marine" the destroyer La Melpomène, the minesweeper Chevreuil, the patrol boat Poulmic, and the battleship Courbet, which has brought down five German bombers.

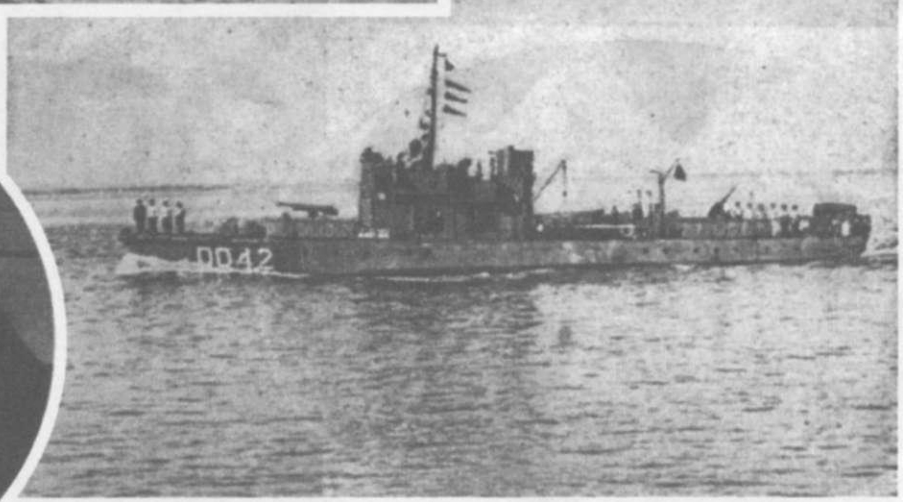
A French Fleet Air Arm is in process of organization, and close cooperation between the F.N.F.L. and the British Admiralty is assured by officers of the Franco-British naval mission.

One of the first orders issued by Vice-Admiral Muselier specified that the ships of the Free French Forces would fly the French national colours at the poop and a square blue pennant bearing a red cross of Lorraine at the prow.

Personnel of the Free French Naval Forces on parade. Their hatbands bear the letters F.N.F.L. (Forces Navales Françaises Libres).

Below, a sailor of the F.N.F.L. keeps a sharp look-out for enemy aircraft. Behind him flutters the emblem of Free France : the Cross of Lorraine and the motto "Honour and Fatherland."

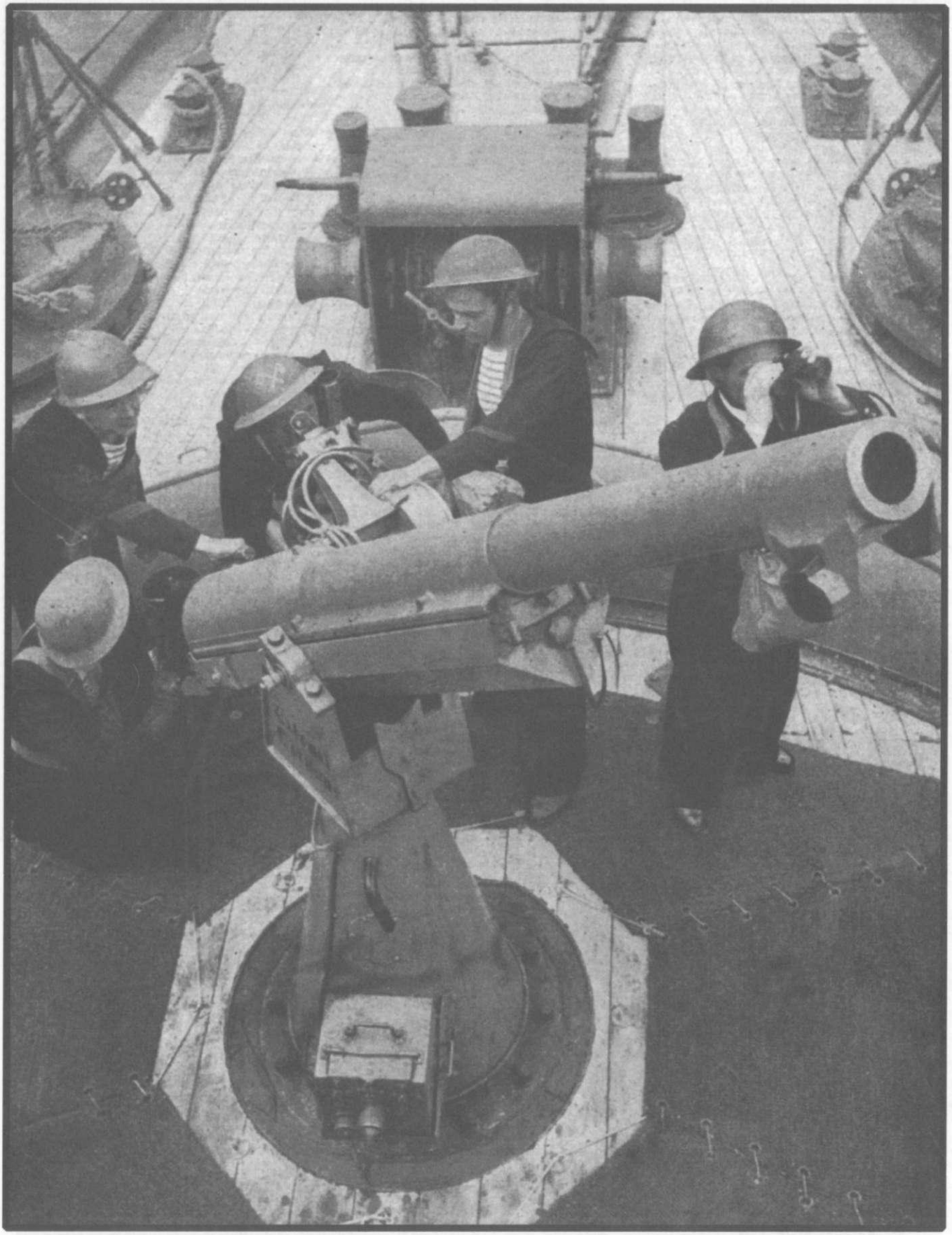
In the circle below the Commandant of a Free French warship is fixing in his cabin the tail fin of a German bomb which fell on the vessel.



FREE FRENCH NAVY includes the destroyer Triomphant (centre left), an exceptionally fast ship with a maximum speed of 43 knots, and several submarine chasers, one of which is seen above. The average displacement of these craft is about 150 tons. They carry a 3-in. gun, anti-aircraft machine-guns and depth charges.

Photos, Forces Navales Françaises Libres

With Free France On the Ocean Wave



FREE FRENCH SAILORS at gun drill aboard one of their warships. It will be noticed that the gun-mounting is lettered Colonel D'Ornano, the gallant Free French soldier killed in a raid last January on Murzuk, Italian Libya. Since then the Camp Colonna D'Ornano, a military academy, destined to be the Saint Cyr of Free French Africa, was inaugurated in his memory at Brazzaville.

Photo, Forces Navales Francaises Libres

Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1941 *666th day*

Sea.—Italian 10,000-ton cruiser sunk by British submarine in Mediterranean.

Air.—R.A.F. fighters carried out sweep over coast of Northern France. Heavy night raids on Hamburg, Bremen and other targets in N.W. Germany.

Russian Front.—New German push towards Murmansk by troops from Norway. Germans also attacked from Karelian Isthmus.

Germans claimed to have crossed R. Dvina and to have captured Dvinsk.

Russians stated that advance of enemy tank columns in direction of Minsk and Luck had been stopped. Fierce fighting in progress. Germany claimed that armoured units had by-passed Minsk and pushed beyond.

Near East.—R.A.F. heavily raided Palmyra and aerodromes at Aleppo and Deir ez Zor.

General.—Lord Beaverbrook appointed Minister of Supply.

MONDAY, JUNE 30 *667th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombers made two day raids on objectives in Germany, including Bremen and Kiel. Large force carried out sweep over Northern France.

Night attacks on Duisburg, Cologne and Düsseldorf. Four of our bombers missing.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting in Murmansk sector. German attacks on Karelian Isthmus repulsed. Attempted naval landing frustrated.

Germans claimed capture of Latvian port of Liepaja (Libau). Russians reported heavy fighting in Dvinsk area.

Germans claimed to have occupied Minsk and to be advancing eastwards.

In southern Poland Germans reported capture of Lwow and Jaworow.

Africa.—Heavy and successful R.A.F. raids on Tripoli. Eight enemy aircraft shot down off coast of Cyrenaica.

Near East.—Free French forces repulsed strong Vichy counter-attack N.E. of Damascus.

Cairo reported that Palmyra was completely encircled. Heavy R.A.F. raids on Syrian aerodromes.

Home.—Night raid on South Wales towns. Bombs also fell in W. and S.W. England.

TUESDAY, JULY 1 *668th day*

Sea.—H.M. corvette Pintail reported sunk.

Air.—Day attacks by R.A.F. on Oldenburg, Borkum and Northern France. Night raids on Brest, Cherbourg and many aerodromes.

Russian Front.—In far north German and Finnish advance continued against strong resistance. Artillery duel at Hango, S. Finland. Riga reported to have fallen.

In southern Poland Germans announced capture of Luck. Russians claimed to have stopped enemy advance near Rovno.

Africa.—Night attacks by R.A.F. on Benghazi, Gazala and Tripoli.

Near East.—Imperial aircraft attacked Rayak and other aerodromes and military objectives in Syria, including Beirut harbour.

General.—Gen. Wavell, G.O.C.-in-C., Middle East, exchanged posts with Gen. Auchinleck, C.-in-C. India.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2 *669th day*

Air.—Two daylight bombing raids on Northern France; at least 17 enemy aircraft shot down for loss of 9 British. Night raids on Bremen, Cologne, Duisburg, Cherbourg and Rotterdam.

Russian Front.—Reported in Stockholm that Germans had captured Murmansk.

Germans claimed that many pockets of Soviet troops and tank units had been destroyed, and that in Bialystok area 100,000 men were captured and 400 tanks and 300 guns taken.

On Bessarabian front Russians repelled several enemy attempts to cross R. Pruth.

Naval base at Constanza shelled by Russian warships.

Near East.—Cairo stated that positions overlooking Palmyra, lost in counter-attack, had been regained.

Night air attacks on Vichy shipping in Beirut harbour and on flying-boats at Tripolis. Many aerodromes bombed.

THURSDAY, JULY 3 *670th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombed railway targets in Hazebrouck-St. Omer area. Twelve enemy fighters destroyed. Britain lost 6 fighters and 1 bomber. Night raids on Essen and elsewhere in the Ruhr, and on Bremen and Bremerhaven.

Russian Front.—German advance continued in Karelian Isthmus.

Enemy drive from Dvinsk towards Leningrad developing.

North-east of Minsk German advance was slowed down. South of Pripet Marshes Russian resistance was stubborn. Violent tank battles in Borisov-Tarnopol sector. Enemy attempts to cross R. Beresina frustrated.

On Southern front German and Rumanian troops reported to have advanced into northern Bessarabia and to be pushing on to R. Dniester.

Africa.—Announced that 3,000 Italians and 1,200 natives had surrendered at Debra Tabor.

Heavy R.A.F. raids on Tripoli, Benghazi, Gazala, Bardia and Derna.

Near East.—Palmyra surrendered. Deir ez Zor and Tell Kotchek captured. Vichy submarine reported sunk off Beirut.

FRIDAY, JULY 4 *671st day*

Air.—Sixteen enemy fighters destroyed during offensive sweep over Northern France. Power station and chemical works at Bethune bombed. Day raids on Bremen and Norderney.

Heavy night attacks on Brest and Lorient, and smaller ones on Cherbourg, Abbeville and Rhineland.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops moving to new battle positions in Baltic States. In White Russia Germans claimed to have crossed R. Beresina at several points. Great tank battle in progress.

Heavy fighting in Rovno and Tarnopol sectors. Hungarians claimed to have forced Carpathian passes.

Africa.—Cairo reported that Gen. Gazzera, supreme commander of remaining Italian forces in Abyssinia, had surrendered.

Near East.—Imperial Air Forces attacked Vichy aerodromes and Beirut.

Home.—Night raiders bombed districts in Midlands and S.W. England. Three destroyed.

SATURDAY, JULY 5 *672nd day*

Air.—Steel works at Lille bombed during R.A.F. daylight sweep. Destructive night raid on many towns in Western Germany.

Russian Front.—Fighting reported at Murmansk, Kandalaksha and on Karelian Isthmus. Berlin claimed advance despite stubborn resistance.

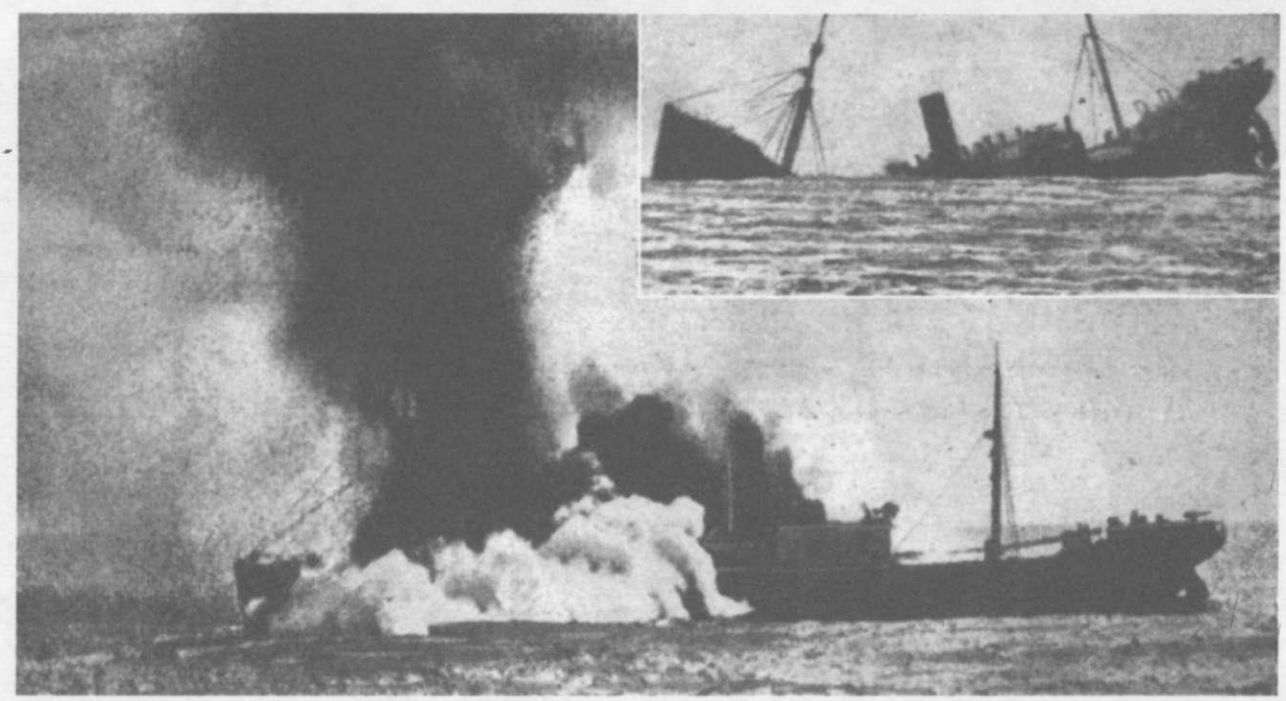
Soviet forces repulsed repeated attempts to cross rivers Beresina and Drut. Germans claimed that forces east of Minsk had reached R. Dnieper.

In Ukraine Russians admitted that enemy tank thrust was developing in direction of Novgorod-Volinsk.

In Bessarabia Nazis crossed R. Pruth at several points, but further advance was held.

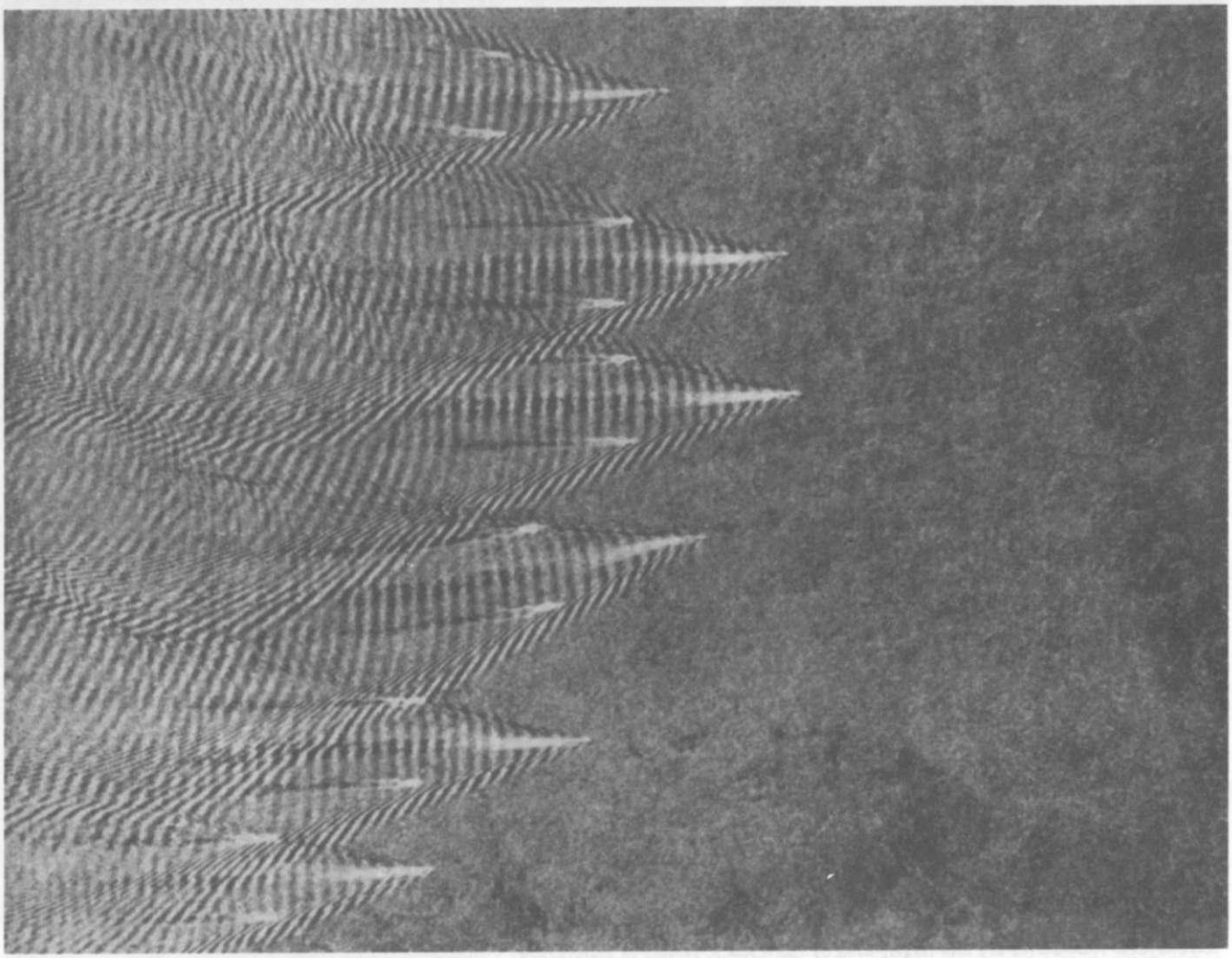
Hungarians claimed capture of Stanislawow and Kolomea.

Near East.—New attack by Australians in Jezzine area, west of Damascus.



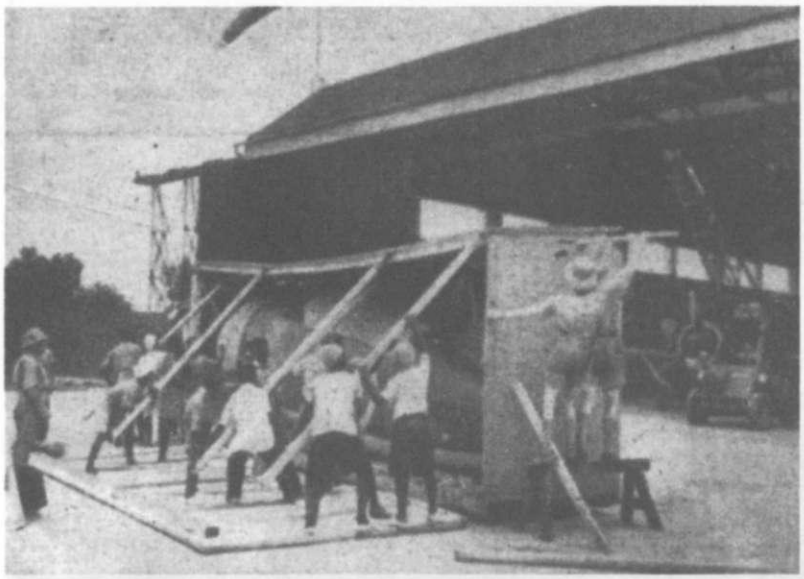
S.S. KEMMENDINE, 7,769-ton Glasgow liner, meets her doom in the Indian Ocean. The track of the Nazi torpedo is still to be seen as the explosion churns up the sea and sends a cloud of smoke and debris high into the air. The captain, Robert Reid, and his crew, taken aboard the German surface raider, were landed at Mogadishu, Italian Somaliland, in July 1940. Here they remained in captivity under the Italians until released by our victorious South African forces when they took this port. Inset, smoke and foam having subsided, the Kemmendine, her back broken, slowly disappears beneath the waves. *Photos, Keystone*

They're Kept Busy Trying to Sweep Our Mines

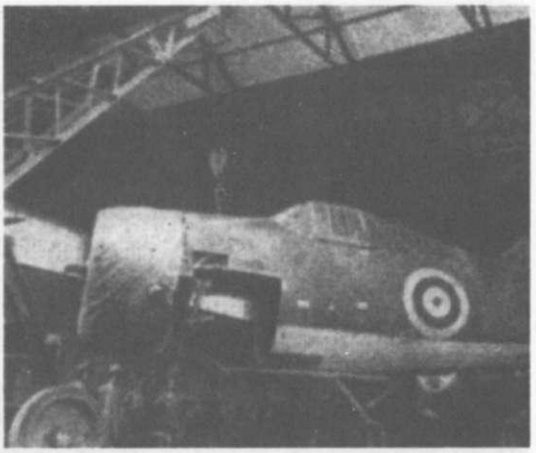


NAZI MINE-SWEEPERS from the air, with their paravanes trailing astern, make an intricate pattern on the sea. This photograph, taken by the R.A.F., shows how minesweepers comb the sea for submerged explosives. Above, a fleet of German minesweepers, escorted by a fighting ship, seen in the foreground, returning to the Flanders coast after operations in the English Channel. Mines, of course, are Britain's first line of defence against sea-borne invasion, and any attempt to land on these shores would have to be preceded by Nazi minesweepers. *Photos, British Official and E.N.A.*

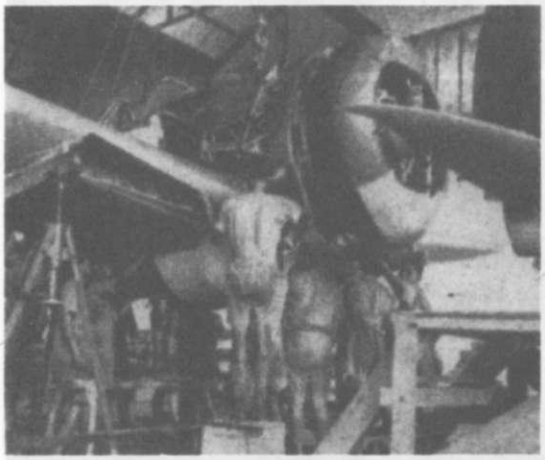
American Planes Sent Direct to Malaya

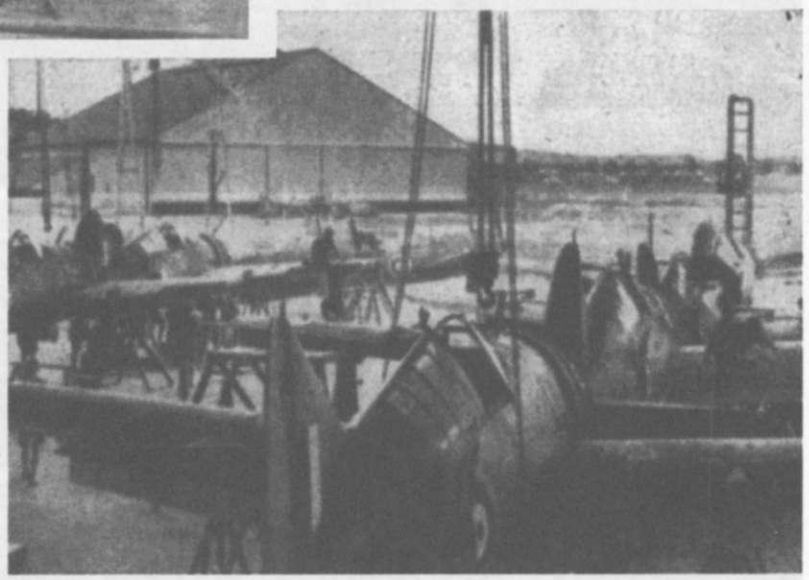


BREWSTER BUFFALOES, one of which is being unpacked from its crate above, are being shipped from the U.S.A. to Singapore. A single-seat fighter monoplane, also in use with the Fleet Air Arm, it is dubbed the "flying barrel."

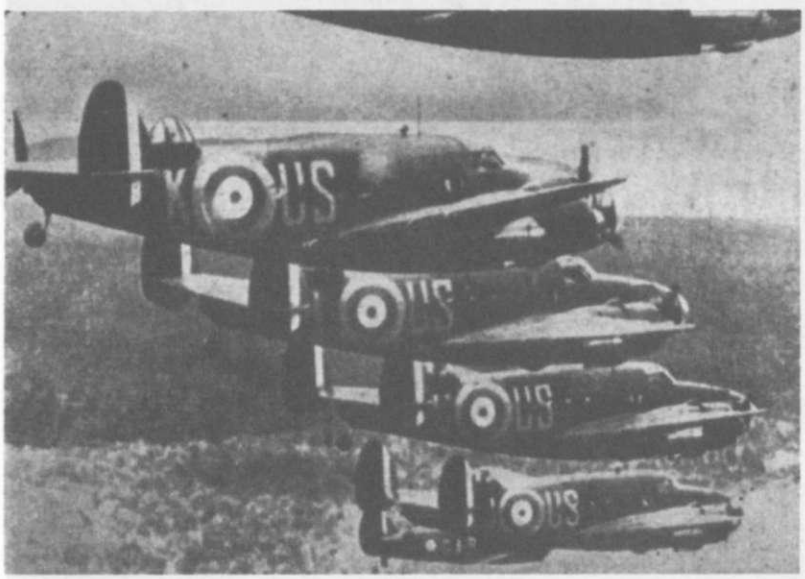


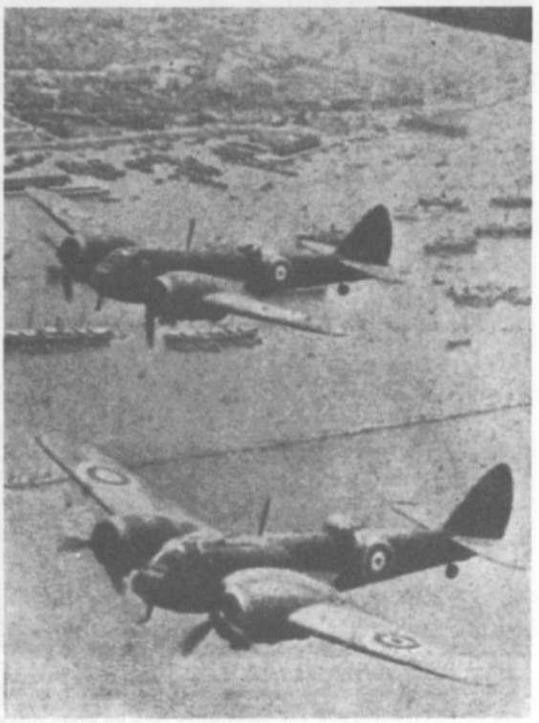
Here the unpacked machine is being swung by a crane into the hangar, where British and Asiatic mechanics will assemble it. The enclosed cockpit with sliding canopy can be seen.





Once the mechanics have put the aircraft together (above) they will go from their assembly lines (right) to the flying field for testing. The Buffalo has a top speed of over 300 m.p.h. and is extremely manoeuvrable.





LOCKHEED HUDSONS are also largely used by the R.A.A.F. serving in Malaya, and a flight of them is here seen over the Malayan forests. Note the power-operated gun turret near the tail. The Hudson has a range of 1,700 miles at an economical cruising speed of 170 m.p.h. Right, Bristol Blenheim bombers flying over the harbour at Singapore.

Photos, Associated Press, Planet News, Press Topics

New York's 'Rum Chasers' Hunt Nazi Pirates

U.S. REVENUE CUTTERS, sent to Britain under the Lease and Lend agreement, are now operating with the Royal Navy. One of these cutters, heavily armed for its size, is seen under Queensborough Bridge, with American sailors on board, shortly before leaving Brooklyn Harbour. Later on the journey British crews took over. The type of cutter shown has a standard displacement of 2,000 tons, carries a normal complement of 150 officers and men, and has a speed of 16 knots. With an average cruising radius of 8,000 miles, they are useful vessels for convoy work. Their nickname of "rum chasers" is derived from their employment against liquor smugglers in the days of Prohibition. *Photo, Planet News*

Home Guards 'In Action' in War-Scarred London

Marked with a cross, by an officer-umpire, meant that this Home Guard had been put out of action. Circle, a defender in a manhole has been caught by two attackers.

IN 'THE CITY' the Home Guards mount barricades during an exercise held on June 29. The General Post Office Battalion defended the square mile about Barbican, Moorgate, Cheapside and Aldersgate against "enemy" paratroops belonging to the L.M.S. Home Guards. In a war setting reminiscent of Ypres the attackers surrounded the telephone exchange building, hurling electric bulbs as hand-grenades, the defenders replying with balloons filled with water.

The G.P.O. men beat off the paratroops; and the exercise provided opportunities for nurses to display their skill. Here they are attending two "wounded" defenders amid the rubble of blitzed buildings.

Photos, "Daily Mirror," Keystone, Fox

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Warned the Man Who Sank the Robin Moor

The sinking of the American freighter Robin Moor in the South Atlantic on May 21 roused considerable feeling in the U.S.A. The stories of the two parties who reached S. Africa and S. America confirmed that it was a German submarine which torpedoed the ship.

Edward W. Myers, master of the 4,985-ton American freighter Robin Moor, sunk in the Atlantic by a German submarine on May 21.

WHEN all hopes of their rescue had been abandoned in Washington, thirty-five survivors from the United States freighter Robin Moor were landed at Cape Town by a British ship. A dramatic story of their encounter with the submarine was told by Chief Officer Melvin Mundy.

Describing their first meeting with the U-boat, Mundy said: I was on watch on the bridge in the early hours of the morning when I noticed a "blinker" light asking who we were. I replied, giving the ship's name.

I was very careful to signal the word "American" first, because I had a suspicion that it was a submarine. There was no immediate answer, so I sent someone down to waken the captain.

The captain ordered the signalman to ask, "Who are you?" The answer came back immediately, "Submarine." A minute later the submarine flashed "LRL," which meant "I am pursuing you." A minute after that the submarine flashed, "Don't use your wireless."

We stopped our engines on the orders of our captain, Edward W. Myers, of Baltimore. Then the submarine flashed: "Send boat to me." The captain sent me to the submarine in our No. 1 lifeboat.

Aboard the submarine I was asked for the ship's papers and the nature of the cargo. I told him we had nothing but ordinary merchandise for South African ports, merchandise such as pleasure cars, but he would not listen to me. The submarine commander kept saying over and over again: "You have supplies for my country's enemy, and therefore I must sink you in twenty minutes."

I said we had eight passengers—that we didn't care about ourselves. I pointed out that one of the passengers was a little child. He only shook his head. I tried to impress him with the fact that we had women aboard, told him about a man and his wife who were in their sixties and explained we couldn't get people like that into the boats in a hurry.

"Well, maybe I will give you thirty minutes," he told me. I begged him to take our ship to some neutral port. He absolutely refused. I warned him, "You may be sorry if you sink our ship."

The Robin Moor's lifeboats were launched and we were ordered to leave her lying as she was—a perfect target. A torpedo was fired and this was followed by thirty-three shells. The ship sank in twenty minutes.

The submarine officer promised to wireless our position, and handed over some black bread and tins of butter. My ankle was injured and I was handed some bandages with German markings.

Among the survivors to reach Pernambuco were Mr. Karl Nilson and Mr. Sanderlin, the first and second engineers of the Robin Moor. They made a joint statement as follows:

At dawn on May 21 a German submarine stopped the Robin Moor and immediately forbade the broadcast of all radio appeals for help, and ordered the crew to abandon ship under armed threats. We possess photographs of various scenes, which have been handed to Mr. William Phillips, Secretary of the U.S. Embassy.

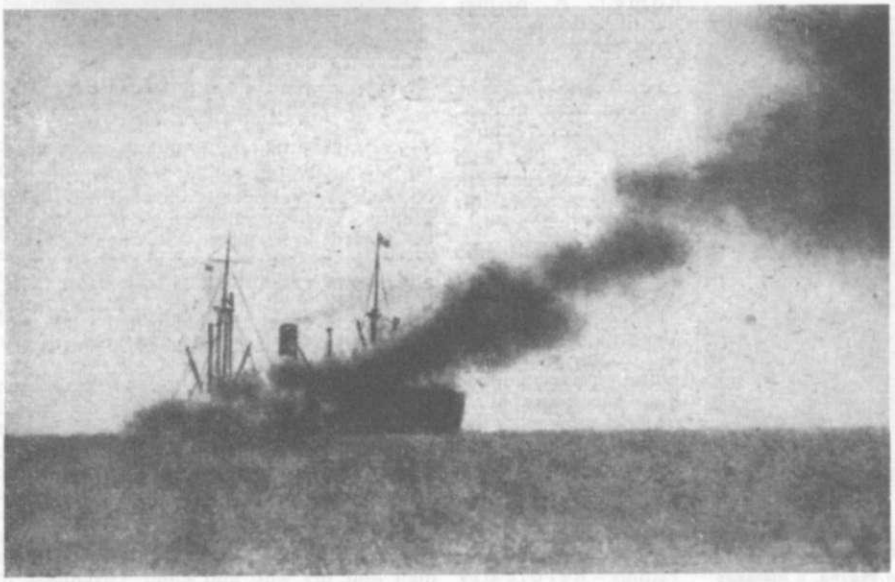
We were nineteen days under a tropical sun, which caused terrible burns. When it rained we had to bale out the whale boats with our hands already swollen by the oars. We had no food.

We were finally saved by the steamship Osorio, in which we were admirably cared for.

Some members of the Robin Moor's crew formed the impression that Germans were operating in a French submarine. Second Officer Taylor said:

On the side of the conning tower I plainly saw the words "La Touche" in raised letters, painted over in an attempt to hide them. There was also a painted cartoon of the head of a Guernsey cow. Near it was the inscription, "La Vache Qui Rit" (The Laughing Cow).

The submarine commander was German all right, though he spoke English.



ROBIN MOOR, despite the American flag painted on her side, was sunk by the Nazis. This photograph of the sinking ship was taken by one of her crew. The dramatic story of the Robin Moor's encounter with the German submarine is given in this page.
Photos, Wide World and Keystone

I Saw Chinese Soldiers Going Out to Die

This moving story by Agnes Smedley tells of the sufferings and privations of the Chinese soldiers, and also of the spirit that has enabled them to withstand the Japanese Army for four years.

ALL day long we had ridden along the Chinese defences in North Hupeh Province. When the shadows of the hills grew long we halted at a mud hut in a narrow valley which one of the armies was using as its first dressing station to care for the wounded.

There was but one door to the hut. Inside, on the earthen floor, lay a number of wounded men in a row; in the fading light their dark forms were like a part of the mud walls and the earth floor beneath them. On a rude table near the door stood half a dozen half-filled bottles, a pair of black native scissors, a few rolled bandages, and some small squares of gauze. From a dusty rafter hung a big wad of unwashed local cotton. An army dresser sometimes reached up, took a bit of the cotton, dipped it in a small bowl of liquid, and washed the wound of one of the men lying on the floor. Then he took a bit of gauze and a bandage and bound the wound. He did not wash off the blood that had caked on the man's neck and face.

Marching feet beyond the mud hut disturbed me, and I turned to see a line of grey figures passing, with rifles and packs. I went slowly out. Soon they halted, removed their packs, sat down and rested, their rifles between their knees. Two of them went away and brought back a big wooden bucket of boiled water, and soon all had drunk. This was a company of troops moving up to the battlefield, and this was their last stop for rest.

I went towards them, and their commander arose quickly and saluted. He came up and we talked. "We are going up," he said. "Will you say something? We have half an hour." Then he uttered a command, and all the soldiers arose and stood at attention. "Salute!" shouted the commander. I returned the salute, but with better reason than they. "This is a foreign

I WAS THERE!

friend. She works for our wounded. She will speak to us."

What does one say to men going out to die? The faces and eyes were solemn, serious—faces from another world than mine. But were they? Then I thought of my own people, of the people of England, of all the common people of the world who have watched and sympathized with China. And I told the soldiers of those people who hope for their victory, who give from small wages or salaries to send medical supplies to them. "We have not done enough," I said, "but we have tried to do something. I shall tell what I have seen here, how you look and fight, and of the spirit that moves you to continue fighting until your country is free."

I told them the names and the work of many organizations working for China, and of those that do work of humanity. In this I mentioned the name of President Roosevelt and of the Lord Mayor of London, who had issued calls for money for medical aid. Suddenly a soldier jumped to his feet:

"Long live Llod Mayo of London! Long live Llosevelt!" The entire company shouted after him. "Long live the——" The slogan leader had forgotten the names of the organizations I had mentioned, so he hesitated and then added: "All the people in the world who are our friends!"

The commander smiled proudly, turned to me, and said: "We must now move up."

"Salute!" he shouted, and all the men arose and saluted. They shouldered their packs and rifles and were ready. They began to march. With a heart heavy with misery I marched with them up into the ravine. On the crest of a rise the commander said: "Do not come farther!" I took his hand, shook my head, and together we walked in silence. The ravine grew dark, and again he halted and said: "Go back. Good-bye."

I stepped to the side and the men marched past me, each one turning his face to me. They were like shadows as they passed, and I reached out and touched them. Then they were all gone, and I stood until their figures blended with the darkness. Somewhere in the hills a shell burst and machine-guns hammered.—"*Manchester Guardian.*"

CHINESE NURSES, members of the Chinese "New Life" organization, attending to wounded soldiers at a Chinese hospital. In this page an American woman describes her experiences in war-ridden China. On July 7 the Sino-Japanese war entered its fifth year.
Photo, Wide World

This Was One of Over 700 Raids on Malta

The spirit of the Maltese people, who have undergone so many air raids in the past year, is well exemplified in the following stories which appeared in the "Times of Malta." See also page 652.

In one raid on Malta several houses were seriously damaged and a number of civilians had narrow escapes. Mr. E. V., a district commissioner, and Mr. G., an assistant commissioner, spoke highly of the behaviour of the people in the streets in which bombs fell, saying:

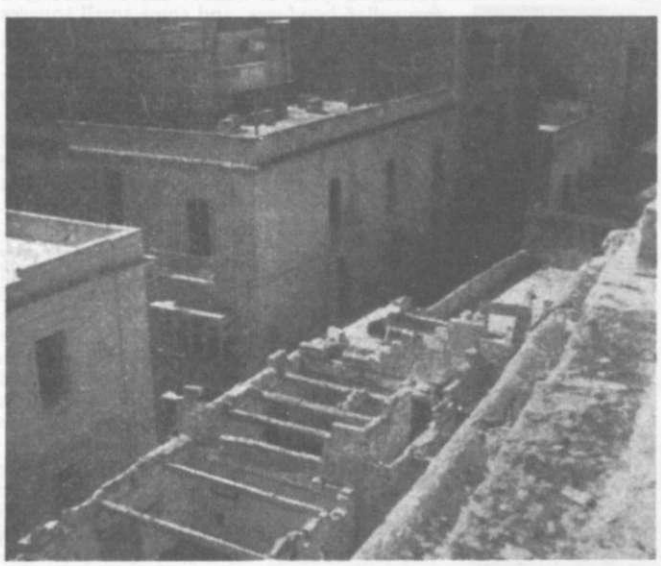
They were throughout cool, calm and collected, giving little trouble and making their own arrangements to move elsewhere from the damaged houses. In one house we found the family and the friends they had to tea when the raid started, were finishing their meal in the only room left whole in their home! A bomb hurtling down on a farm fell on a manure heap and killed some goats. The farmer's children were sheltering in a crude rubble shelter in the field near by, and came out none the worse for their experience.

One old lady who had an extraordinary escape said:

I was sitting on a chair in a corner of the room, when the house received a direct hit. The bomb burst on the roof, and the whole of it crashed down into the room where I was, but I was unhurt except for slight scratches.

Three Maltese Naval ratings heroically searched for survivors in damaged houses. One of them, J. C., an 18-year-old rating in a minesweeper, said: "I was sheltering behind a door with two comrades when we heard the whistle of falling bombs. We immediately flung ourselves face downwards in the street, and when we picked ourselves up we were enveloped in smoke and started calling out to each other to see if the three of us were safe. We then made our way to where the bomb had fallen, and people shouted to us that there was a boy in the house.

"I climbed in through one of the broken windows, tearing my uniform, and started searching among the debris, but could not find anybody. It was then realized that there had been nobody in the house. We made our way into all the houses which were damaged and where there might have been casualties. In one house we heard calls for help and, forcing the door open, found a man and his wife and child enveloped in smoke and too terrified to move. We calmed them, and then went from house to house, reassuring those who had been badly shaken."



The British Government have sent, through Lord Moyne, a message of admiration to the people of Malta, saying how they "continue to watch with profound admiration the heroic courage and unquenchable resolution of the garrison and people of Malta in battle." Above, bomb-shattered buildings in Malta. *Photo, Associated Press*

Resolution tinged with scorn for the aerial invader stamps the face of this Maltese who has gone through hundreds of air raids.
Photo, Associated Press

I WAS THERE!

Our Bomber Was in Flames Over Wilhelmshaven

Unlike the German bombers, who have only to cross the Channel to get to England, the R.A.F. have the North Sea as an obstacle on their way to and from Germany. A typically adventurous journey back from a raid was described by a Sergeant Pilot in a broadcast.

My crew and I had just made a successful night raid on the docks at Wilhelmshaven and were barely ten minutes away from the target when we ran into heavy anti-aircraft fire. It wasn't as bad as I have known it, but one of the shells hit the starboard engine and soon after that the airscrew came away from the engine and flew off into space. I didn't actually see it go and the first I knew that something was wrong was when the aircraft swerved to the right—fortunately not a very violent swerve—and at the same time I heard the navigator telling me what had happened.

I looked down and there were sparks and flames shooting out of the engine cowling and for a second or two I thought that it was all up with us. I gave the crew the order to stand by to abandon aircraft, and then it passed through my mind that we ought to be able to make a forced landing in Germany. My next thought was that, either way, we'd become prisoners of war, and I didn't like the idea of that at all.

By now the crew were ready to bale out, and then I saw that the flames had disappeared. What put them out I don't know. The main thing is that they went out, and with the danger of fire over, there was a reasonable chance of getting back home. Anyhow it was worth the gamble and the crew were, like me, all in favour of having a shot at it.

At the time we were 8,000 feet up, facing a strong headwind which would soon have been too much for the single engine we had left—we would have gone so slowly that we might not have got there. So I came down to 3,000 feet in a gentle glide. I knew before we set out that at 3,000 feet the wind was less fierce. It was. The "Met" section was right as usual.

The next problem was up to the rest of the crew rather than to me—that was to try and lighten the machine. So I told the navigator, the wireless operator, and the rear gunner to jettison everything that could be spared out of the machine. This might lighten it and give us a chance to keep at a fairly good height. Just before this the navigator, who sits in front and below the pilot, had the bright idea of tying his oxygen tube round the left end of my rudder bar and pulling forward on it. This relieved me of a great deal of strain, as before I had to correct the pull of our one engine all the time with the rudder. The navigator's brain-wave helped me out with the rudder and stopped me from getting cramp in the leg, though it didn't stop me from getting a nasty pain in the small of the back.

As soon as I was easier he got busy chucking things out of his own compartment. Guns, pans of ammunition and a good deal of our navigation equipment went into the sea. We kept just a few pans of ammunition as well as a couple of guns just in case we met an enemy. Next the crew tried to get rid of the armour plating behind me, but it wouldn't budge. Then they tried to unship part of the bombing apparatus, but that was just as obstinate. By now we were down to 800 feet, but by getting rid of the guns and things we were able to keep at that height and later even climb to just over a thousand feet.

Still, there was always the danger of being forced down into the water, so the crew decided to get the dinghy ready in case it was wanted. We were keeping a reasonable air speed, but the one good engine was getting overheated. As dawn broke we could see no sign of land, but the navigator was confident that it wasn't far away. He was right, although at five minutes past seven we had only thirty-five gallons of petrol left and still no land to be seen. And then, only a few minutes later, the grey outline of the East Coast came in sight. It was too early to count our chickens, but when we crossed the coast thirty-five minutes afterwards I knew we would be all right, if we could find an aerodrome. Then the navigator suddenly exclaimed: "It's all right, there's an aerodrome a couple of miles away." His navigation had been marvellous. He had reckoned with all the wobbling about I had done on the way and had brought us safely home. Down we went to make a perfect landing, four hours after the airscrew had said good-bye to the bomber. There was no petrol left in the tanks, but, as you can imagine, our spirits were high.

Every day an R.A.F. plane climbs to 25,000 feet over Britain to make meteorological observations. The author of this story probable owed his life to the "Met" section. *Photo, Keystone*

THE POETS & THE WAR

XLV

FAREWELL TO FEAR

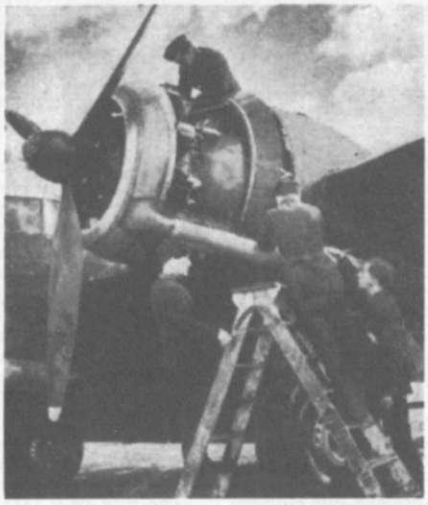
The following lines were written by an airman after a recent crash :—

Three days ago
Eternity stood nigh me,
Clean, white as snow
With nothing to deny me
A passing mild,
Some little fame behind me
For Wife and child
Before dull age could blind me.

Senseless I lie,
Five hours unconscious witness,
To live or die?
Nature's stern test of fitness.
Of life the gift
Again so strangely given
Gladly I lift
By some new strength reshriven.

Farewell to fear,
The doubts that ever tied me,
The road is clear
With England's need to guide me.
So high the quest
That every qualm is treason;
Life at its best
Is Faith beyond all reason.

—*The Times*



A bomber's engine being turned up for a raid over Germany. Above is told how a twin-engined bomber returned safely on only one engine. *Photo, Fox*

Siftings From the News

Marlborough College has started a second-hand clothes shop.

Women's Land Army now has 14,000 members in regular employment.

Moscow citizens were ordered to hand over all radio and television sets for the duration.

German General Staff said to have allowed three months for the conquest of Russia.

Rumours that Gen. Gamelin and M. Daladier had escaped from prison denied by Vichy.

New York now has a Union Jack Club where everything British sailors want is available.

About 100,000 German evacuee children in Slovakia now within range of Russian bombs.

British prisoners of war have received through Red Cross 200 mouth organs "made in Germany," from pre-war stocks.

Canada is to recruit 3,000 women for a Canadian A.T.S.

"Oil is Hitler's soft economic spot," said Dr. Hugh Dalton.

Rumanians are forbidden, under severe penalties, to listen to enemy broadcasts.

Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund has now passed the £20,000 a week mark.

Caravans, each housing five men, range over Essex to carry out emergency land work.

Inhabitants of Bergen are forbidden to open or look out of windows that give on the street.

Women are to be enrolled in the Royal Observer Corps, to replace men called up.

Nettles, dandelion roots, foxgloves and meadow saffron are being collected for medicinal purposes.

From £30 to £50 is paid by medical factories for one ton of dried nettles.

Hundreds of friendly alien doctors will shortly be allowed to practise in hospitals and A.R.P. services.

Polish workers in Germany have to wear a badge, virtually branding them as slaves.

Peru has prohibited the use of her territorial waters to any submarine of belligerents.

Tobruk garrison issues a daily newspaper entitled "Tobruk Truth or Dinkum Oil."

Goering is rumoured to have lost favour and been reduced in rank.

Prince Paul, ex-Regent of Yugoslavia, arrived with his wife in Kenya.

"Hitler's Headache," America's largest bomber, can fly 7,750 miles non-stop.

American newsreel companies are chagrined that the British Government has forbidden any attempt to photograph Hess.

The Editor's Postscript

SHAKESPEARE, as always, was right when he made Portia begin her defence of Antonio with "The quality of mercy is not strain'd." It's different, however, with the quality of humour. Sometimes I'm inclined to flatter myself that I have a sense of humour—having edited no fewer than forty volumes of selections from "Punch" might be some measure of evidence—but when I see five inches of valuable space occupied in one of our skeleton dailies this morning with a silly picture of a tank reared on its end balancing a large football on its nose, with the caption "Henderson used to train sea-lions," I certainly feel that the quality of humour is terribly "strained."

P. G. WODEHOUSE's particular kind of humour, which derives so much from the highly ingenious hilarity of his dialogue, has never greatly appealed to me, though its "Entertainment value" is obvious. "Go and see your doctor" was the advice of the producer of an allegedly funny play, "Nothing but the Truth," when I told him that I sat it out with increasing impatience, and I shall not forget the causeless laughter that surrounded me on the dreadful night I spent at "French Without Tears." In both of these the quality of the humour seemed to me strained—through a horse's nosebag. But that's by the way . . . my sense of humour is no doubt at fault.

I SEE nothing funny, however, in the creater of "Jeeves" broadcasting to America once a week from Berlin, where he has been allowed the unusual liberty for an enemy alien of residing in a comfy little suite at the Hotel Adlon instead of remaining in an internment camp, like so many of his unlucky compatriots who were caught in the toils of war when France fell from us. It is difficult to see how this humorist of Anglo-American frivolous fame can have anything valuable to say to America once a week during his privileged captivity in Hunland. Not one word can he utter that has not been examined, approved, and sanctioned by some official Hun set over him, whose dearest delight would be to trip the humorist into some statement that would tend to put the censor's brother Huns in a good light with the broadcaster's American admirers.

ONE who was less of a "funny man" and more of a stubborn Briton would have scorned to enjoy a liberty denied to his fellow prisoners of war even at the cheap price of being entertaining at the microphone once a week. I feel sure that he can have no conception of the deep resentment aroused here in England by his action. At best it is a deplorable gesture from one who has enjoyed such popularity as a comic writer on both sides of the Atlantic. Surely not even those who admire his writings can find an excuse for such a solecism. To think of any Englishman living at the Adlon among the fashionable Huns at such a time as this is nauseating.

"WIVES and mithers 'maist despairin', ca' them lives o' men." That line from "Caller Herrin" comes to my mind whenever I hear of trouble in the fishing industry. The recent kick-up about profiteering there is characteristic of a commerce that has long exploited the men who do the fishing at risk of their lives and the housewives who buy the fish. I happen to know something of the methods of Billingsgate that were in force a few years ago, as two particular friends of mine (now both dead) were big men in the fishing industry—not in the huckstering business that goes on at Billingsgate. One of them came to me a year or so before his death to ask if I could give him an idea how to get rid of three or four tons of good fish every week . . . not for profit, be it noted, but just to prevent its being used as manure! Good sound fish for which men had risked their lives in the North Sea. Why did he have this surplus? Because the method then (I know nothing of what is happening today) was for the trawlers to send their catches to Billingsgate to be auctioned, and as soon as the bidders had bought all that the trade needed there was a nod or a wink from a boss and no more bidding was heard.

HENCE the weekly three or four tons that went abegging from my friends' trawling enterprise. "Never buy up the whole catch" was evidently the motto, and you can see why. All my ideas for giving away the unbidden tons were thwarted. Even the idea of supplying them at the sheer cost of packing and transport to a great national charity was turned down on the ground that so many wealthy salesmen subscribed to the charity! You twig the idea?—"give 'em fish for nothing and they'll not need our subscriptions." The charity went on buying its fish at trade price. The average market price realized (in those days) was 2½d. per pound, out of which the fishing company and its employees who shared in the proceeds of each catch were rewarded for all their outlay of money and hard work; but much of the fish bought at that price was sold in the shops at 2s. a pound.

THINGS may have changed out of all recognition since then, though it's only six years or so since the second of my friends in the fishing industry died—both of them told me the same story, with much more detail than I have space to relate—but it's just the standard story of the "ring" trick. In Buenos Aires when I was there the fruit ring used to tip hundreds of tons of fruit into the River Plate in times of plenty in order to keep up the price in the fruit shops, as the coffee kings at Sao Paulo used to dump ship-loads of coffee beans in the sea off Santos for the same reason. Some day—long after the War—social reformers may find some means of stopping that sort of sabotage on the people's food.

GEN. SIR CLAUDE AUCHINLECK, C.-in-C. India since Dec. 1940, was on July 2, 1941, appointed G.O.C.-in-C. Middle East, changing places with Gen. Sir A. Wavell. General Auchinleck was commander of the Allied Forces at Narvik. *Photo, Planet News*

HEARD on the radio today that an Australian Air Squadron in Syria had encountered six of the futile Vichy fighters—the men not the machines, which were good American Glenn-Martins—and sent the whole lot down in flames. Less than an hour before I had been reading a letter written by T. E. Lawrence to his friend Lionel Curtis on March 19, 1934, soon after he had resigned from his job as aircraftman in the R.A.F., in which he said: "Our poorest squadrons could deal very summarily with France. When Germany wings herself—ah, that will be another matter, and our signal to reinforce; for the German kites will be new and formidable, not like that sorry French junk." The programme which he then outlined in that inspired letter for Britain's air equipment would have been adequate to meet the German expansion which so soon followed.

WHAT a tragedy that he was allowed to throw away so many years of his precious life in his obstinate refusal of responsibility, squandering his organizing genius in the useful but uninspired pursuits of an aircraftman! Little more than a year after he wrote that marvellous letter (wish I could reprint it all) his career of "tom-foolery," as his most understanding friend Bernard Shaw (T. E. Lawrence was then "T. E. Shaw" by deed poll) had justly named it, was at an end, and the restless, perplexing, irritating, and not very lovable man of genius was dead at 47. His many foolish-seeming years as a ranker in the Tanks and R.A.F. would have proved a priceless asset to him in a position of command, for which nature and his Arabian exploits had equipped him, and Mr. Churchill, who knew him well and fully appreciated his extraordinary talent, wrote: "I hoped to see him quit his retirement and take a commanding part in facing the dangers which now threaten our country." The pity of it!

JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE
WHITEFRIARS, LONDON E.C.4.

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